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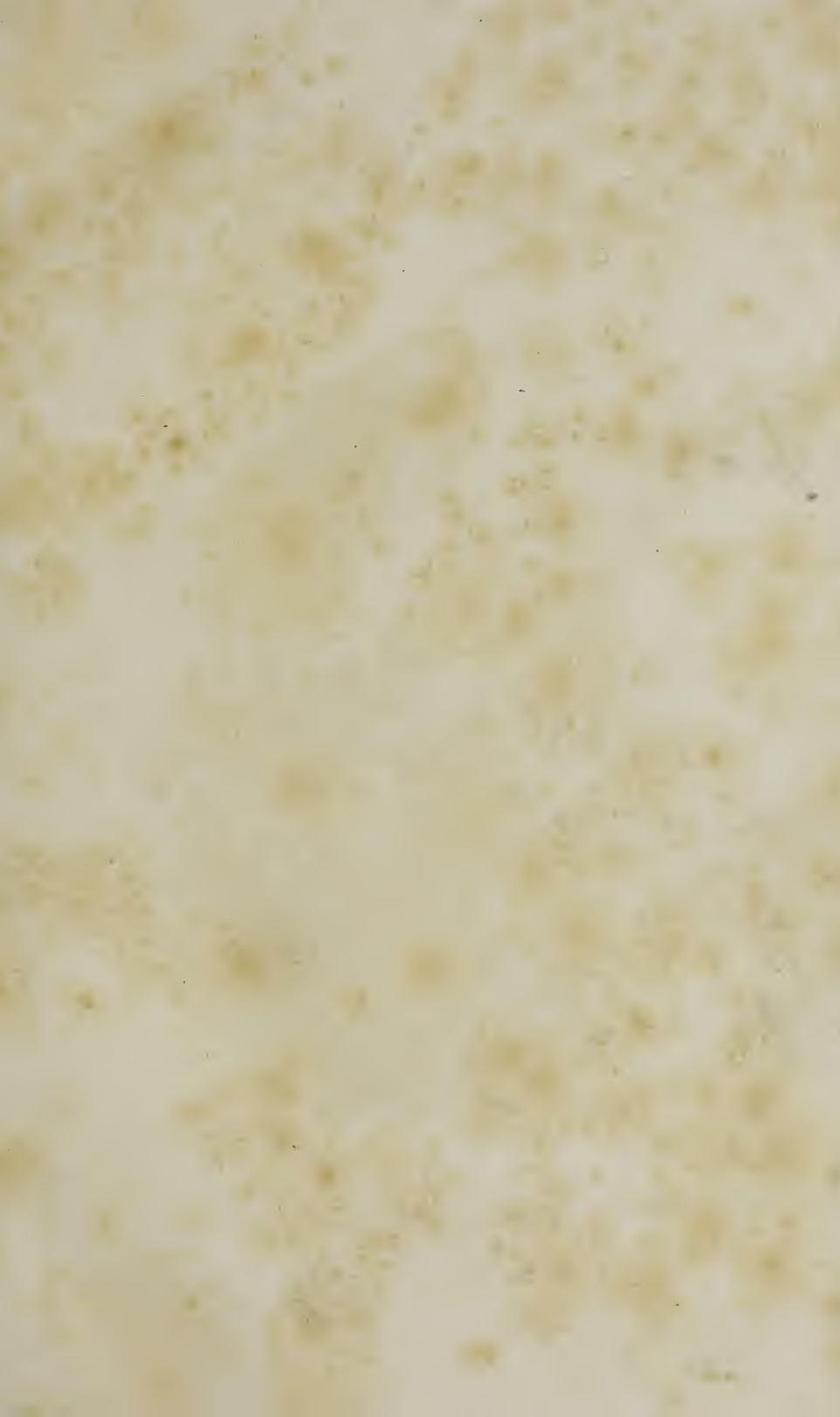
Sig. Water Line



M^{rs} J. B. James

In remembrance of a short-
visit to Cosgrove Lodge
Heenstaston St. Edmunds
24 July 1871

M. P. J.





Lighthouse, Hunstanton, Norfolk.

R. Smith del.
R. Smith sc.
London 1817

Hunstanton

AND

ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD,

BEING

A GUIDE TO THE LYNN & HUNSTANTON
RAILWAY LINE.

—o—

SECOND EDITION,

WITH ADDITIONS.

LYNN: THEW & SON.

1867.

TO OUR SUMMER VISITORS,

THIS BOOK,

DESIGNED FOR THEIR USE,

IS INSCRIBED BY

THEIR OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE SECOND EDITION.

This little book was originally written by the late Philip Wilson, Esq., with especial reference to the then newly-opened Lynn and Hunstanton line of railway. The West Norfolk (Heacham and Wells) line has since been brought into operation, and a few additions have been made to the work to suit it to this altered state of circumstances.

Lynn, May, 1867.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

My object, in writing and compiling this small book, has been to be useful rather than original. I have therefore made copious use of all the extant topographical works within my reach relating to the district. Besides drawing largely on Blomefield's History of Norfolk, I have to acknowledge my obligations to Taylor's Antiquities of Lynn, White's History of Norfolk, Mr. Harrod's Castles and Abbeys of Norfolk, and the Rev. J. H. Bloom's History of Castleacre.

I have especially to thank the Rev. George Munford, of East Winch, for the use of his manuscript on the Natural History of Hunstanton, and regret that so careful and interesting a work is not presented to the public in a more complete form.

It may be thought that my chapters upon Houghton and Rainham are somewhat out of proportion to the rest of the book, but it occurred to me that many a visitor might like to learn on the spot what manner of spirits haunted those splendid mansions in the days of their grandeur, and I shall rejoice if any shall find as much pleasure in reading them as I had in writing them. Since this book was printed, an Act of Parliament has been obtained for an extension of the Hunstanton line of Railway, from Heacham, by way of Docking and Burnham, to Wells; and rumour speaks of still further extensions along the Coast of Norfolk, to nobody knows where.

Lynn, 1st July, 1864.

P. W.

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KING'S LYNN.

"The ancient borough of King's Lynn was formerly called "Lin-Episcopi or Bishop's Linn, until the time of Henry VIII., "it being then the possession of the Bishop of Norwich. But "that king exchanging the monastery and revenue of the bishoprick, this town came into the hands of the king, and so hath "with its possession changed its name to King's Lynn."—*Mackerell.*

It stands on the mouth of the great Ouse, and was formerly fortified. Parts of the ancient wall still remain, and may be seen on the public walks.

It lies along the east side of the river, and before the invention of railways enjoyed the almost exclusive advantage of supplying Peterborough, Ely, Stamford, Bedford, St. Neot's, St. Ives, Huntingdon, Northampton, Cambridge, Bury St. Edmund's and Thetford with deals, coals, wine and all the heavier articles of commerce. These places being now enabled by means of railways to draw their supplies from other parts of the country, the commerce of the town has suffered very severely ; while at the same time, by means, firstly, of the Eau Brink Drainage, and subsequently of the Norfolk Estuary Cut, the navigation of the river and the accommodation in the harbour have been greatly improved.

It is not easy to see how this severe commercial loss can ever be compensated ; but the prophets are not all prophets of evil, and there are persons of great local knowledge and experience who predict that the commanding situation of the town, together with the excellence of the harbour and navigation must sooner or later create a revival of its ancient commercial prosperity. It still remains the great mart of trade for the agriculturists of West Norfolk, and its corn and cattle markets have increased in importance during the last few years.

The visitor having arrived at the Railway Station, we shall be happy to direct his steps, so that, without loss of time, he may see what is most deserving his attention.

KING'S LYNN.

Close to the Railway Station he will find the modern district church of St. John, of which the Rev. John Fernie is vicar. For this beautiful church the borough is greatly indebted to the late Mr. Motteux, of Sandringham Hall. While his house at Sandringham was being repaired, this gentleman took up his temporary residence at Lynn, and going one Sunday to St. Nicholas' church, seated himself in a vacant pew. He had not been there long before the family to whom the pew belonged arrived, and Mr. Motteux was obliged to seek another, which was attended with the same result. This led him to make some enquiry relative to the church accommodation in Lynn, which resulted in his giving £1000, which he afterwards increased to £1500, towards the erection of a new church with free sittings. The remaining funds were contributed in part by the Corporation, in part by voluntary contributions, and in part by the Church Building and other societies.

The architect was Mr. Salvin, and the style is Early English. On entering the church,—which consists of a nave, two aisles and a chancel,—the effect is imposing. The windows, being small, admit no more than “a dim religious light,” and the dimness is somewhat increased by the elegant stained east window, which was executed by Mr. Wailes.

Leaving St. John's church, the visitor should pass through the gate to the right, leading to the public walks, of which the inhabitants are justly proud. This will conduct him at once to

THE RED MOUNT, or Lady's Mount, upon which is a beautiful small chapel, erected (as appears by the Corporation records) in 1482, during the mayoralty of Thomas Thoresby. “This “religious place,” says Mackerell, “was a receptacle for the “pilgrims, who took this in their way, to say their orisons at, “as they travelled along towards that sometime famous and “celebrated priory or convent of our Lady at Walsingham, a “village so much renowned all over England for pilgrimages to “the Virgin Mary, that he who had not in that age visited and “presented with offerings was accounted irreligious.”

The beautiful groined roof of this small chapel, with its fan tracery springing from slender columns, has long been the admiration of all artists and architects. It is, so far as we know, unique in this country, but at Amboise, in the South of France, the traveller may see one of a similar construction dedicated to St. Hubert. It is somewhat larger, and even more beautiful than Our Lady's Chapel; and we are ashamed to add that it is far better cared for than our own elegant relique. By the exertions of the late Rev. Edward Edwards and the Rev. Edward Blencowe, this chapel was repaired in 1828. It is now again taking injury from neglect, and we trust that the burgesses of Lynn will yet again avert its ruin by timely attention. A more

minute but partly conjectural account of this chapel will be found in "Taylor's Antiquities of Lynn."

Immediately on leaving the Red Mount, the visitor, proceeding along the public walks, will pass on his left an old arch, formerly a postern gate, forming part of the borough wall. Age and ivy have given it a venerable appearance, otherwise it would have but slight claims on a traveller's attention.

A little onward he will pass under a picturesque group of trees called the "Seven Sisters," from which he will see on his right the West Norfolk and Lynn Hospital, and, beyond, the towers of St. Margaret's church, and on his left the new Union house, which from its mass, the good style of its architecture, and its variety of form and elevation, is worthy of notice.

Leaving the walks, a causeway planted with beeches called the Guanock Terrace will conduct the visitor to

THE SOUTH GATE.—This gate is built upon the site of an earlier one, and is a work of the 15th century. From the Corporation records, it appears that in 1437 (the reign of Henry VI.) the old gate and bridge were in a state of decay, and an order was made for re-building them.

Some of our worthy burgesses, having more feeling for the present than the past, have advocated their removal, as they sometimes cause a momentary obstruction to traffic; but we trust they may long remain, partly for the sake of their beautiful proportions and partly as silent witnesses to the ancient strength and importance of the borough.

These gates stand in the parish of South Lynn, otherwise All Saints; and, time permitting, a visit to the church of All Saints may be worth the while. This church consists of a nave with aisles, transepts and a chancel.

Mr. Taylor, in his "Antiquities of Lynn," informs us that the exterior of the building, which was originally a good design, has lost much of its beauty through the falling of the tower, the demolition of the porch and the removal of the crosses from the gables. Since Mr. Taylor published his work, both the exterior and the interior of the church have been thoroughly repaired, under the direction of Mr. Brown, of Norwich, the funds for which were raised mainly by the exertions of the Rev. William Leeper, the present vicar.

THE GREYFRIARS' TOWER.—Regaining the modern street called London Road, we shall reach the Greyfriars' Tower, one of the most interesting antiquities of the borough. It consists of a lofty hexagonal tower, built of red brick and stone and supported by four piers with finely turned arches, which once formed the centre of a cruciform church. There is a staircase in a turret on the north side, by which the visitor can ascend the tower and obtain a very pleasing view of the town, the harbour and the

surrounding country. It stands in what is now the garden of the Rev. Thos. White, the head master of the Grammar School, which is on the opposite side of the street. To the traveller this school may have a sinister kind of interest from the fact that here Eugene Aram was under-master at the time he was apprehended for the murder of one Clarke at Knaresborough. The crime for which Aram suffered would long ere this have been forgotten but for the ingenuity, the eloquence and the learning of his defence; and a factitious kind of interest has in our own day been conferred upon the unhappy murderer by the interesting fiction of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

The old tower is all that is left of the Greyfriars' monastery; and the place of the monks who wore away a monotonous life therein is now supplied by about half a dozen jackdaws, who daily assemble there for the transaction of business.

Proceeding along St. James's street to the Saturday Market place, on the right may be noticed the new Savings Bank, the front of which, in the Tudor style, is an ornament to the street; and a few steps further on will bring us to the Saturday Market place, on which stand the principal church of the town, dedicated to St. Margaret.

ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH.—This church was founded by Herbert, Bishop of Norwich, in the reign of William Rufus, and its present condition shews it to have undergone many changes. The first thing that will strike the visitor in approaching it will be the butchers' shambles, with the billiard and reading rooms, adhering to it, an unsightly excrescence much to be regretted. It was built there at a time when church architecture was at a low ebb, and being there, it is more easy to deplore it than remove it. Our regret may be somewhat diminished by the fact that it conceals no architectural beauty. The nave and aisles were destroyed by the fall of the spire from the south-west tower in the gale of the 8th of September, 1741, and were re-built in 1742 in a style which reminds us of the Georgian era. The roof of the nave is a beautiful piece of plasterer's work, out of its place. The visitor may, however, form a fair judgment of the original design from the chancel, which shews the main body of the church to have been at the period of this accident of Late Perpendicular style, but the base of the south-west tower exhibits good specimens of Norman and Early English work.

Within the chancel is a very large and handsome brass monument, in memory of Robert Braunche and his two wives, Letitia and Margaret. At the bottom of the monument is represented the feast of the peacocks, in which are seen attendants bearing dishes with peacocks in their plumes, preceded by musicians with trumpets, &c. This is said to represent a banquet given by Braunche, during his mayoralty, to King Edward III., who is

known to have visited Lynn about that period. The date of Braunche's death is 1364. Near this monument is another of similar dimensions, in memory of Adam de Walsoken, of the date 1349. On this monument is represented a vintage harvest, with numerous figures engaged in gathering grapes from the vines; one female figure is borne in triumph on the shoulders of attendants through standing corn towards a windmill. In niches at the sides are figures representing saints and martyrs.

On the south side of the church will be found a library, which contains some good editions of the classics, the Latin Fathers and the old English divines.

Mr. Taylor observes that "although shorn of its pristine beauty, this church exhibits in its details work of various periods and styles of architecture. Of the Norman style, which prevailed to the end of the reign of Henry II. in 1189, we have examples at the west end, especially in the south-west tower. (Of the Early English, or pointed style, we have a display in the choir, and formerly had in the nave; this style lasted to the end of the reign of Edward I. in 1307. Of the Decorated style, which reached the end of the reign of Edward III. in 1377, are the carved screens and stalls in the chancel. Of the Perpendicular style of the 15th century we have a fine specimen in the north-west tower, and the windows of the choir are of the same period."

THE CHAPEL OF ST. JOHN.—Mr. Taylor observes that where the butchers' shambles now stand, *once* stood, and that within the memory of persons yet living, a beautiful chapel which must have added much to the picturesque effect of the general view of St. Margaret's Church. The Rev. E. Edwards, among many other interesting sketches of Lynn in by-gone times, has fortunately preserved a drawing of this building, from which we learn that it was an elegant specimen, in the decorated style of the 14th century, with lofty gables, rich east window, turrets and pinnacles at the angles, and a central lantern. The basement story was a charnel-house; the superstructure, a chapel where daily mass was sung for the repose of the dead. The town records furnish many entries relative to the appointment of Charnel Priests. The Will of Thomas Thoresby, dated 1510, explains minutely part of the duties of this office; the following is an extract from it:

"Item—I will that when Sir Thomas Grant, now being charnel priest in Lynn, do leave the same service, and Sir Robert Burgh, priest, come into the same service, and the same Sir Robert do teach and learn two children freely at grammar and song, sufficiently to maintain the choir in St. Margaret's church, in Lynne, in divine service, then I will immediately that the same Sir Robert Burgh shall enter into the said service, that my lands lying in Gaywode beside Goldsmith's Garden late Wynter's, which I bought of the executors of one Ade, shall remain in Feoffees hands to the use of the said Robert and his successors after that being priests of the said charnel, upon condition that he or they that after that shall be chosen into the said service, be an honest and learned priest in grammar and song, sufficiently to maintain the said service in the said church as

aforesaid, and so to endure for ever. And for default of any of the said priests made in teaching of the said six children freely as above written, contrary to this my last will, then I will that my right heir or heirs at the time being, shall enter into the said lands to have to them and to their heirs, this gift notwithstanding. —Item—I will that the chancel priest, and also the said two priests that shall sing continually for my soul, shall have their convenient chambers, in the college newly by me builded in Lynn, to be assigned unto them by the master of the said college for the time being, and that they be continually in Comys in the said college, and also be ordered by the orders of the said college for the time being.

In after times, this, with many similar foundations became vested in the Crown, being considered at the time of the Reformation as superstitious; from that time the corporation supported a grammar school at their own cost.—This was sometime continued in the chancel chapel, until in 1779 an order was made for the demolition of the beautiful chapel of St. John, and for erecting on its site the mean-looking brick-built shambles and *billiard room* that now obstruct the best view of St. Margaret's Church.

THE TOWN HALL.—Near to the West end of St. Margaret's Church stands the Town Hall, within the walls of which are three distinct establishments, namely, a Hall used as a Court of Justice and for the transaction of the public business of the borough, the Gaol,* and an Assembly and Card room. The part of the Hall that best merits the attention of visitors is the Elizabethan porch or entrance to the Hall. It consists of an arched doorway surmounted by a large and handsome window, over which may be seen the arms of Queen Elizabeth carved in stone.

It may be worth the visitor's while to ask the hall-keeper for admission to the assembly room, which contains a few good portraits of King William III. and Queen Mary, Sir Robert Walpole, Sir Benjamin Keane, the late Lord George Bentinck and others. The borough was represented for several generations by the family of Walpole; and Horace Walpole, in one of his admirable letters, gives a humorous account of his chairing at his election. The town possesses no portrait of Horace Walpole, which, considering the figure that he cut in the learned and literary world, we think is to be regretted. The want could now be easily supplied, as there is in the National Portrait Gallery an original portrait of him of kitcat size, of which a good copy might be had.

In the possession of the Mayor for the time being will be found King John's cup, given, as it is said, by that unhappy monarch to the Corporation of Lynn. The form of this goblet is of great elegance; the enamelled compartments are ornamented with figures engaged in hawking.

In the regalia of the Corporation will also be found a handsome state sword, unquestionably of great antiquity, and said to be a royal gift to the Corporation. A not less curious remnant of the days that are gone will be found in the ducking-stool for

* Since abolished by Act of Parliament. This portion of the premises is now used for the police office and lock-up.

the punishment and cure of scolds, now kept at the Museum. We learn from Mr. Taylor that the ducking-stool stood at Purfleet, and the last gentlewoman who received immersion there was one Hannah Clarke, who was ducked for scolding.

The charters preserved among the records of the Corporation range from the 6th John to the 11th of George II. They are in a good state of preservation, and some of them are of great beauty.

Passing from the Saturday Market place along Queen street will be seen a venerable building, once Thoresby's college, but now converted into dwelling houses. It was a college for priests, founded by Thomas Thorisby, who was Mayor of the borough in 1502. The richly carved door is of great beauty, and had originally the following inscription:—"Orate pro animâ Magistri Thomas Thorisby;" but the three first words are defaced. Pursuing his walk along King street to the Tuesday Market place, the visitor may observe on his left the Custom-house and a common looking building with a high pitched gable. This last was once St. George's Hall, the property of St. George's Guild, founded in the reign of Henry IV., by John Brandon, Bartholomew Sistern and John Snailswell. Some interesting remains of the original edifice may be found in the adjoining passage called the Shakespeare yard. A few steps from this building will bring the visitor to the Tuesday Market place, a spacious square once adorned with a market cross and a statue of King James II. The most interesting old building now left in it is the Duke's Head Inn, one of those large establishments whose ancient glory has been affected by time and change. A banking establishment now occupies part of the old inn. The street at the north-east corner of the square leads to St. Nicholas' chapel,—undoubtedly, as to its interior, the most stately building in the borough, and the admiration of all visitors.

ST. NICHOLAS' CHAPEL.—In our perambulation of the borough we have consulted the time and convenience of the stranger, leading him finally to one of the most striking churches on this side the kingdom, that the impression made upon his mind may be one of such beauty that he will not willingly let it die. We learn from Blomefield's "Norfolk" that the Pope granted a bull for the erection of this chapel during the mayoralty of Jeffery Talb, in the year 1374; and it appears that when, some few years after its erection, an attempt was made to make it a separate parish church, Bishop John de Oxford decreed that it should be a chapel only and dependent on the church of St. Margaret. The small tower at the south-west corner of the church had a lofty spire, which, like the spire of St. Margaret, was blown down in the gale of 1741.* Upon this tower will be seen

* An elegant spire is now being erected from the designs of Geo. Gilbert Scott, Esq., R.A.

some Early English work, proving it to be older than the main body of the building. The south porch is a specimen of most elaborate and beautiful workmanship in the Perpendicular style. The building consists of three aisles, the centre one being separated from those at the sides by light, lofty and elegant columns. Standing on the north side of the altar rails and looking towards the south-west, a noble view is obtained of the general effect of the chapel, one which will not easily be forgotten. The windows are in the Perpendicular style. Those at the east and west ends, though of stately dimensions, are not considered to be good specimens of the style; and we remember some years ago, when the Rev. Mr. Boutell gave a lecture in this chapel on the occasion of the meeting of the Norfolk Archæological Society, he praised the general proportions and the stately magnitude of the building, but did not consider that it presented a very favorable specimen of the Perpendicular style. He said St. Nicholas' was a bad specimen of a good style, while St. Margaret's was a good specimen of a bad style.

This beautiful chapel, which like most of the town churches in the kingdom, was sadly disfigured by galleries and omnibus pews, was restored in the year 1851 by public subscription. The work was a good work, and in some respects well done; but an opinion prevails amongst those best acquainted with the subject, that an opportunity was then lost, with regard both to convenience and general effect, which will not soon recur. Since this restoration, the fine stained glass window, by Messrs. Ward and Hughes, over the altar has been inserted. The window to the right of the altar, by Waddington, was erected to the memory of Frederick Lane, the late Town Clerk, by his family. In the north aisle will be found the monument of Sir B. Keene, made of stone and marble; the design and workmanship are of an ordinary kind, and it bears the following inscription:—

“Near this place are deposited the remains of Sir Benjamin Keene, son of Charles Keene, Esq., formerly Mayor of this Corporation. He died at Madrid on the 15th day of December, 1757, aged 61 years.”

And on the west side,

“Sacred to the memory of Sir Benjamin Keene, Knight of the Bath, Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Court of Spain.

“An able and faithful servant to his King and country. Honoured and beloved at the court where he resided, valued and lamented by his Royal Master, George the Second.”

The Keenes appear to have been long residents in Lynn, for there is a monument to an earlier Benjamin Keene, probably the grandfather of the Ambassador, who is described as “mercator” and having twice been Mayor of the Borough. He died in 1709.

Another of the family, of whom an engraved portrait may be seen at the Guild Hall, in Lynn, was Bishop of Ely. Whether he was son to Sir Benjamin I have not been able to ascertain,

but in the *Athenæum* of the 7th March, 1863, he is spoken of as Edmund Keene, who had formerly "occupied and enjoyed the "see of Chester.—He was a man who had the talent of 'securing "the backstairs.' He took a living of £700 a year from Sir "Robert Walpole, as the fee for marrying one of that statesman's "natural daughters; but after he was inducted, Mr. Keene would "have nothing to do with the lady."

On the wall above the monument of Sir Benjamin Keene will be found a monument to Thomas Snelling, the inscription on which is quaint enough to be worth the copying:—

"Here lyeth Thomas Snelling, sone of John Snelling, twice Maior of Thetford, who married with Margaret, daughter of ye near lying Matthew Clarke, twice Maior of Lyn, by which Margaret he had three sones and a daughter. He was sometymes a worthy merchant and citizen of London, who afterwards removed to this place, where he was chosen alderman, and in his course ye Maior of the town. He dyed in ye year of his maioralty, being 39 years of his age. Aprell 21, Anno Dni, 1623.

"Pitty, Justice, Bounty, good to all—

These were his Characters most Principall.

His Pitty helpt ye poore, Ill-doers his justice had,

His friends his bounty, his goodness good and bad.

Thus Lyn hath lost by his departure hence,

The wicked's terrour and ye poores defence.

But that's not lost which shall be found in Bliss,

Neither is that lost which here entombed is.

Stay but awhile, and then the trump shall sound,

Arise the dead, come forth out of the ground."

From St. Nicholas' Chapel, a few steps will lead, across the North End Bridge, to the Norfolk Estuary Embankment and Cut,—an engineering work of vast proportions, and destined, as we hope, to produce important and beneficial results. Looking from the bank athwart that dreary plain of alluvial mud, it needs no great power of imagination to perceive in the near future a pleasing metamorphosis of the scene before us,—a day when meadows, orchards and market gardens shall occupy the reclaimed land nearest the town, and broad pastures, adorned with sheep, shall stretch over a space, yet indefinite, beyond. Those now in the flower of youth may witness this new Arcadia, but the time is not yet. The civil engineer may say to the sea, Retire, and to the land, Arise; but old time with his hour-glass must needs be a party to the transaction, and he is an old gentleman that will not be hurried.

In concluding our observations on the borough, it may be observed that the spirit of the inhabitants has not declined with their commercial prosperity, for within a few years several public institutions have been founded and maintained, such as the ample and well-lighted Corn Hall, in the Tuesday Market, and the *Athenæum*.

In this latter building, which we owe in great part to the energy and perseverance of Mr. Henry Edwards, are located the public Subscription Library; the People's Library, which was founded by the munificence of Lord Stanley, one of the present members for the borough; and the Museum, containing, besides the usual collections in natural history, a choice and beautiful collection of birds, the greater number and the most costly of which, together with the handsome cases in which they are arranged, were presented to the town by Mr. John Henry Gurney, the other member for the borough at that time. The Athenæum also contains a large music hall, and other apartments for literary and scientific purposes.

The last,—perhaps, too, the handsomest, public edifice in the borough, recently built by the government, is the County Court, in a somewhat Italian style, of handsome proportions, and occupying a prominent and well chosen site. The present occupant of this building will persist in watching my pen as I write, in spite of all I can do or say. I shall therefore conclude this description of the venerable old borough, by conducting the visitor to the spot from which he started, and which I suppose by this time he wishes to regain, namely, the Railway Station.

GAYWOOD.

Any one who remains long enough at Lynn to have time upon his hands, may like to know what he will find at Gaywood, the nearest village; or what, on proceeding on his railway journey, he will leave behind unseen.

On foot he would find the distance to the village about three-quarters of a mile; by train he would find himself crossing the Queen's highway, with the village full in view to his right, before he had well settled himself in the carriage. It is now a somewhat dusty looking village, though surrounded by fertile meadows and watered by the river which feeds the Lynn Water Works; but in days of yore it was a place of some importance. It is known to have belonged to the Bishops of the East Angles in the time of the Saxons, and that John de Grey Bishop of Norwich, in the time of Henry II, built there a sumptuous palace for himself and his successors, wherein he much resided; and the priory of Norwich released to him all their right in the profits of the fairs of Lynn and Gaywode, with the Saturday market at Lynn, and all their salt pans, lands, rents and houses, with the lay fees belonging to the Priory of Lynn; for which he gave them, in exchange, all his right in the Manor of Sechesford, with the Manor of Great Cressingham, excepting the patronage, and the service of knight's fees, reserving to himself and his

successors the same authority that they had in the other Manors of that Monastery.

It continued in the see of Norwich, till it was granted by an Act of Parliament, dated February 4th. in the 27th year of King Henry 8th, to the Crown, with other of the Bishop's manors and lands, to St. Bennet, of Holme.

Gaywood takes its name from Guy or Quie, which signifies a river or water, and gives name to many places, such as Gayton &c. The lands of the parish in the time of Henry 8th passed into the family of the Howards, and from them, through the Earls of Oxford, John Pepys, Esq., Thomas Thoresby and his descendants, to Sir Cyril Wyche, Knight, of Hockwold Hall, in Norfolk, whose descendants held it when Blomefield wrote his History of Norfolk.

The principal landowner and lord of the manor at present is Richard Bagge, Esq., who resides at Gaywood Hall,—a substantial family mansion built to be lived in.

As the train crosses the turnpike road, the traveller may see on his left a low range of buildings with several square chimneys. This is the Gaywood almshouse, or Hospital of St. Mary Magdalen, founded, it is said, by Peter Capellanus in 1174. We presume that its revenues were confiscated at the Reformation, for it was re-established by letters patent of King James I., dated 22nd April, in the 9th year of his reign. The lands belonging to this Hospital, a few years ago, were scattered in the various parishes of Gaywood, Holkham, East Lexham, Narford and Great Dunham; but by several exchanges the lands are now chiefly in Gaywood, and make a total income of about £350, allowing about 11s a week to the reader and 8s a week to the other inmates. It gives a comfortable and competent retreat from the troubles of the world to twelve old women and a reader, and is in the management and patronage of the Lynn Charity Trustees.

In the middle of the village street stands an interesting old house with three gables, probably of the time of James I. Whatever its former dignity, it is still the centre of many hopes and fears, being at present the village post office.

The Church, which is not remarkable, exhibits specimens of various styles of architecture. It has a good bold tower of red brick and stone, and loses none of its beauty by being veiled with ivy on the north side. The entrance is through a Norman door in a square portico, surrounded at the top with some Norman moulding. It has a nave and spacious north and south transepts, the windows of which are of various sizes and of no style of architecture. The effect of the interior is light and agreeable. Open seats of commodious proportions have recently taken the place of unsightly pews, and the whole church wears the appearance of being well cared for.

The patron of the living is Mr. Richard Bagge, and the present incumbent is the Rev. Robert Pearse. It is rated in the King's books at £5 13s 4d, and the tithes are commuted for a rent-charge of £650.

The handsome and spacious schools near the churchyard have been erected during the time of the present incumbent.

A fair for horses, &c., is held in Gaywood on the 22nd June, which, as evening approaches, is frequented as a place of rural jollification by persons of all ages and sizes from Lynn and the surrounding villages.

Number of acres 2,380.

The next parishes are the Woottons—South and North, about two miles from Gaywood. On the right will be seen the modest tower of

SOUTH WOOTTON.

There is scarce a village in England, however small or however remote from the busy haunts of men, but has at least one point of attraction—the church. To your genuine church-hunter nothing comes amiss; for if the church and its surroundings are not to the wayfarer's taste, there is always the solid satisfaction of giving scope for his criticism. If the church cannot be praised, at least the churchwarden can be abused; or it may be that some incumbent, holding the heretical sentiment "Use before ornament," has built a vestry of red brick and tile against the wall of the chancel; or, as in the case before us, some former landowner has built against the church a hideous burying room and called it a mausoleum. See with what zest the late William Taylor has sharpened his antiquarian pen for the encounter:—

"On the north side is, without exception, the ugliest piece of modern deformity that ever was appended to an old church. There we have a large room with huge, blank brick walls, no windows, no buttresses, no visible roof,—a dreary looking mass of bricks, built up, we believe, for a mausoleum. It probably occupies the site of the sacristy." To this diatribe I will only add that in this age there is a growing sentiment that when a man is really dead he had better be buried, and that it is vain to attempt to stave off the doom: "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return."

The church, dedicated to St. Mary, consists of a nave, transepts, chancel and tower with three bells. At the east end of the church is a beautiful window in the Decorated style, the effect of which is lost by the roof having long ago been lowered nearly to the point of the arch. There is an ancient font,

possibly of the 12th century, consisting of a solid stone basin supported upon eight columns; and what is more curious, a bier of the date of 1611, with the following inscriptions in old English:—

“Ex dono Henrici Kidson. Rector de Soth Woottonn. Anno Dom 1611, Vbi vixit. annos. 41. Ætatis. sue. 65. Deo et ecclesiæ dedicauit.

“Fashione not yourselues like unto this Worlde: Rom. 12, 2. for the fashione of this Worlde goeth awaye: 1 Cor. 7, 31. But the worde of God endureth for ever: 1 Pet. 1, 25.

“It is appointed unto men that they shall once dye, and after that cometh the judgment. Heb. 9, 27.

“Christ is unto me bothe in lyfe and death advantage. Phil. 1, 21. I desire to be loosed, and to be with Christ which is best of all. Phil. 1, 23. for he is able to subdue all things to himselfe. Phil. 31, 3.

“We shall be changed in a moment, the trump shall blow, and the dead shall rise incorruptible. Cor. 15, 52.”

To the right of the altar are three sedilia and a piscina in a good style. The windows in the nave are of various indescribable shapes, and must have been inserted in an age when all sense of beauty had died out both with gentle and simple.

The living is a rectory in the gift of the Lord Chancellor, and is valued at about £270. The present incumbent is the Rev. Wm. Haughton, M.A.

The population is about 164, and the principal landowner is Anthony Hamond, Esq.

About a mile further the train reaches

NORTH WOOTTON.

From this, the first station from Lynn, is seen to the right a view of the pretty tower of North Wootton church; and about a quarter of a mile further is the neat, cheerful looking village, surrounding a small village green where children play and geese cackle. The church at North Wootton was entirely rebuilt in 1854, at the sole charge of the Hon. Mrs. Howard, of Castle Rising. It therefore wants the charm of antiquity. It tells no tale of the past, but to me it seems a perfect and beautiful pattern of a village church. The style is Early English, and consists of a lofty and well-proportioned nave and chancel in the Early English manner, and a pleasing tower with a turret on one corner. The windows are glazed with tinted, or what is called cathedral glass, with elegant patterns traced on them with the lead work. The font, which is carved with fleurs de lis, is copied from one at Weston, in Lincolnshire; and the floor, both of the nave and chancel, is beautifully paved with encaustic tiles. The length of the church is about 90 feet, and is lighted with hand-

some branches, which serve at the same time to adorn the building. The population is about 200. The living is a rectory of the value of about £265, with a good parsonage house, in the gift of the Hon. Mrs. Howard, the lady of the manor and the principal landowner. The Rev. Wm. Wilcox Clarke, M.A., is the incumbent. The National School is endowed with £20 per annum by Mrs. Howard.

A walk of about two miles from the North Wootton station will bring the traveller to

CASTLE RISING.

The page of history has told us how the barons in the days of our Norman kings strengthened themselves against the incursions of troublesome neighbours and sometimes defied both king and law. A better illustration of this rough age can scarcely be found on this side the kingdom than the noble ruin of Rising Castle. The village in which the castle stands is about four miles north east of Lynn, with a strip of marsh land on its western side separating it from the estuary of the Wash, and surrounded on all other sides by open heaths, which have been varied and adorned in modern times by extensive plantations. The castle is said to have been built in the reign of William Rufus by one William D'Albini. An account of the descent of the castle and manor of Rising through several generations will be found in Mr. Harrod's interesting work entitled "Gleanings among the Castles and Convents of Norfolk." From that account it appears that about the year 1243, the Castle and Manor of Rising came into the possession of Roger Lord Montalt, in right of Cecily his wife, one of the coheireses of Hugh D'Albini. Amongst the records of the Corporation of Lynn, there is a very curious account of a law-suit between Robert de Montalt and the Corporation of Lynn, of the date of the 6th Edward II. It had relation to the profits of the toll-booth and of the water and port of Lynn; but from the account it appears that neither party relied solely upon the pleadings, but had recourse to violence; in the end however judgment was given for Montalt, and damages awarded to the amount of £6000. From that period it passed into the hands of divers families, until the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when it was, on the attainder of Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, granted by letters patent to Edward, Earl of Oxford; but this grant was shortly afterwards revoked, and the estate given to a younger branch of the Howards, in the person of Henry, Earl of Northampton, who dying without issue, it reverted to Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, as his heir. The estate continued in the family of the Dukes of Norfolk until it

was sold, in 1693, to Thomas Howard, grandson of Thomas, Earl of Berkshire, and from that time it was inherited by various members of the Howard family, and now belongs to the Honorable Mary Howard. One of the most interesting events connected with the History of this Castle, is its possession by the "She-wolf of France," Isabella, Queen Dowager and widow of Edward II. After Mortimer's execution, on the 29th November, in the 4th year of Edward the Third's reign, the Queen mother was deprived of her enormous jointure, and shut up in her Castle of Rising, where she spent the remaining twenty-seven years of her life in obscurity. She does not appear, however, to have been a close prisoner in the Castle, for there are traces in the Lynn records of her having occasionally travelled to other places.

On examining the Castle itself, it will be seen that the buildings are all erected within a nearly circular space, enclosed by a large bank and ditch. To the east and west of this great circular work, are square additions protected in a similar manner, that to the east being the larger, and having the bank and ditch remaining in a much more perfect state than that to the west.

The Castle is approached over a bridge and through a Norman gate-house, at which point all the buildings now remaining of this once famous Castle meet the view. Mr. Harrod assigns the earth-work surrounding the Castle to the Roman period, and he states that of the numerous buildings that once filled the space within the lofty bank,—all those, namely, for state or domestic purposes, nothing now remains but the Great Tower or Keep, with fragments of the Chapel and Gate-house.

It seems that by the time of Elizabeth, the Castle had very different enemies to contend with than those of spear or battering-ram. Stephen Bull, the warrener, it is said, had so increased "the brede of coneyes," that they bid fair to annihilate the castle; the banks were decayed, and the walls in part, and the rest in danger of falling.

To reach the upper floor of the Great Tower, the great staircase on the east side must be ascended, the doorway to which is to the south. The architectural effect of the building enclosing this staircase is very bold, appropriate and beautiful; a fine Norman arcade above the arch of the entrance is continued along the east side, where the arches are interlaced; and above this arcade are large grotesque heads, each enclosed in a circular moulding.

At the top of the great staircase an arch of fine proportions opens to the room in the first floor of the entrance Tower. This room is lighted on three sides by Norman windows, and contains the main entrance to the hall of the Great Tower. This is now walled up, and furnished with a fireplace for the use of the family having charge of the building.

From this room, the small door at the north-west corner leads by the newel stair to a long gallery in the thickness of the north wall, with five arches on the left, to what was once the hall, and the windows lighting the hall on the right. From this passage the visitor may explore the many curious apartments and closets, which are minutely and accurately described by Mr. Harrod, who concludes his description by saying that the effect of it is massive, stern and appropriate, and expresses his gratification that this splendid relic of past times has fallen into the hands of those who fully appreciate its beauties and its interest. Care has been taken by judicious repairs to stay the ravages of time: and the constant presence of a person having charge of it, prevents those dilapidations so frequently occurring to such ruins from mere wantonness and love of mischief.

THE CHURCH.—This Church, which has recently been restored by Mr. Salvin under the liberal auspices of the Honorable Mrs. Howard, consists of a nave without aisles, and a chancel with a central tower. The nave is Norman, of very late character, and its west front is one of the most elaborate and beautiful of the kind in the kingdom. The doorway is round, arched with the deep and massive zig-zag and other mouldings of the style, with an arcade above it, divided into five principal divisions, the centre being the largest and pierced for the west window. Nothing can exceed the richness and intricacy of the divisions at the side, composed of intersecting arcades of the most beautiful mouldings, curious ornaments and twisted pillars. On entering the Church, the visitor will be struck with the internal arrangements. The massive arches of the tower form a fine contrast to the light and elegant east window, and the light of the church being subdued and quiet, allows the painted glass to have its proper effect. The west arch of the tower is of the horse-shoe kind much used in late Norman, and the east tower arch is much pointed, but in other respects both in form and moulding of true Norman type.

The interchange between the pointed and round arch was not uncommon in late Norman work, the introduction of the pointed arch being gradual; and we find the pointed arch frequently used in the constructive, and the round arch in the ornamental parts of the same building. The Tower has one story open to the church, above which it is internally groined, and the ribs ornamented with zig-zag mouldings.

There is an arcade and gallery round the tower inserted in the thickness of the wall. The arcade over the western arch opening into the nave is worthy of observation, for its massive form and rich ornament; and the south wall of the tower is a beautiful Early English arch opening into a transept which is a recent addition. The chancel, which is elegant in itself, has been

worthily restored. The east window is Early English of the usual three lancet-lights, and filled with painted glass; the lights, although when seen from the exterior, seem to be separate, yet viewed from within appear united by the deep splay and by elegant slender pillars; the arches of the windows and portions adjoining being ornamented with the almost universal dog-tooth moulding of the time.

Some of those who remember this church before its restoration may regret that although its present form may be architecturally correct, yet that result has been obtained at the sacrifice of the picturesque. The high-pitched roof gives to the west end what an artist would call "too much space to let." That this is so will appear to any one who will refer to Mr. Cotman's beautiful etching of the Church, in his *Antiquities of Norfolk*.

The high-pitched roof upon the Tower has, we believe, many examples in Normandy and other parts of France, but it is less pleasing to the eye than the old parapet that has made way for it.

The chanting and psalmody in this Church are creditable to those who direct it.

THE BEDE HOUSE.—This Alms-house or hospital, adjoining the churchyard, was founded by Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, in the reign of King James I. On Sundays, and the principal red letter days of the calendar, the inmates,—a group of old women, clad in the quaint costume of King James's time, may be seen at church; their red cloaks with the Howard badge, and their high-peaked hats, coupled with the curious old building they inhabit, carry us back in imagination to the days of the Stuarts. Both the architecture of the building and the costumes of its inmates belong to a period which evinced the decline of good taste.

The great pleasure of a visit to Rising, consists in conjuring up a vision of the past. Its ruined castle, its venerable church, and its ancient hospital, situated in a picturesque and varied part of the country, and seen by the light of a summer evening's sun, are calculated to inspire the mind with that pleasing yet melancholy mood called reverie.

WOLFERTON.

Acreage, 2714. Population, 179.

Until the opening of the Hunstanton line of Railway, if any one had wished to find a solitude,

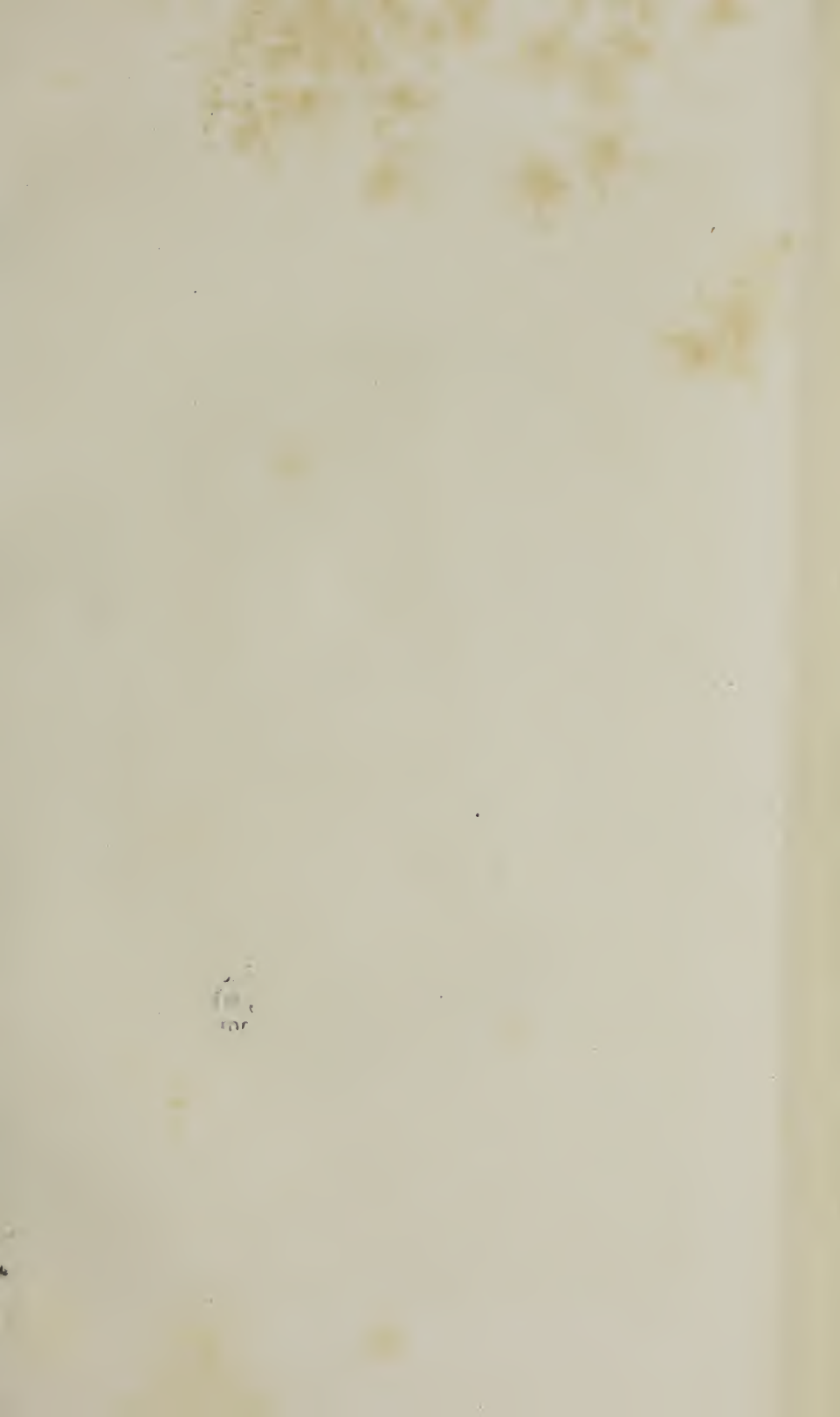
"Far from the busy haunts of men,"

he might have been recommended to Wolferton. Now the solitude has been invaded and opened to the world by the Railway which has given it a station—the station at which on his own estate H. R. H. the Prince of Wales alights when he resorts to his Norfolk home.

It is a small village lying at the foot of the sandy hills rising gently above the marshes bordering on Lynn deeps, and is distant about seven miles nearly due north of Lynn. To the east and across a wild and pleasant heath lies Sandringham House, the residence of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, distant about two miles from the Station. The road thither commands agreeable views of the adjacent parishes of Snettisham, with Ken or Cane Hill point, Dersingham and West Newton. The Prince is sole proprietor of the soil and Lord of the Manor.

The Railway curves close round the west end of Wolferton Church, dedicated to St. Peter, and built upon the site of one said to have been burnt down in 1487. It consists of a nave of five bays, chancel, north and south aisles; it is a spacious church of very good proportions, and tells, we apprehend, of a large population in former days. The Church is entered by a large porch through a fine Early English arch, having a niche on either side. In the east and west sides of the porch are fine windows, though now chiefly closed with unsightly brickwork. A chapel may be seen at the eastern extremity of either aisle, parted off by rich screen work in fair condition. The piscina to each side chapel still remains. The nave is separated from the chancel by a rood screen; the steps leading to the rood loft still remain. The roof was lowered and repaired, and rude benches placed in the nave a few years ago, at the expense of the Hon. Spencer Cowper. The lower part of the roof is original, the old oak beams terminating with figures of Saints standing under canopies; on the hammer beams between these are figures bearing shields. There is an interesting enclosure now used as a vestry, at the western extremity of the southern aisle. In the chancel are sedilia for three priests, and a piscina. The tower of the church which is lofty and well built, is ornamented on three sides by cinquefoil windows. The ruins of the sacristy may be seen on the north side of the chancel. There is one large bell, and a small sanctus bell. The patronage of the Rectory, lately vested in the proprietor of the Sandringham estate, is now held by the Bishop of Norwich; the rent-charge is £263 10s., with 22 acres of glebe. The present Incumbent is the Rev. Willoughby W. Dickinson, M.A. A commodious Rectory House, visible from the Railway, has recently been erected in a good situation, and the parish now possesses, for the first time, a resident clergyman.

Here is a small creek, or harbour, available for only small boats.





St. David's Church, Porthcawl, N. Wales

The Seat of H. H. Prince of Wales

SANDRINGHAM.

Acreage, 1072. Population. 56.

About two miles due east of the Wolferton Station lies the parish of Sandringham, distant about $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles N.N.E. of Lynn.

This parish gives its name to the estate and residence of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. The estate embraces the parishes of Sandringham, Babingley, Wolferton, Appleton, West Newton and considerable parts of Dersingham. With additions lately purchased, it amounts now to some 7000 acres. In our day it passed, by purchase, from the family of Henry Hoste Henley, Esq., to J. Motteux, Esq., a wealthy gentleman, moving in the higher circles of society. He, dying without issue, or other near relatives, devised the Sandringham estate, together with other valuable properties, to the Hon. C. Spencer Cowper, who, in 1861, sold the Sandringham estate to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales for £220,000.

The road to Sandringham is indicated by a telegraphic wire, which has recently been extended to Sandringham House from the station, though unconnected with it. The improvement of the road will also guide the visitor's steps.

The plateau above the station is little else than wild heath and sand; still the view is varied and pleasing, and this impression is still further confirmed on ascending the next plateau, after crossing the Lynn and Hunstanton road; indeed, the view from "Sandringham Heights," the residence of Mr. G. Brereton, is very extensive and fine, and is alone enough to redeem Norfolk from disrepute in regard to scenery and landscape beauty. The view stretches over the rich marshes speckled with grazing stock, and interspersed with arable lands, thence over the Estuary of the Wash into Lincolnshire. On a fine day, the lofty, and noble tower of Boston Church, locally dishonored with the name of "Stump," may be plainly seen arising as it were from the waters,—a valuable land-mark to the sailor, while it directs him upwards to the true haven of rest.

The estate has many attractions besides those apparent to the eye, which no doubt commended the purchase to the judgment of the Prince and his advisers. Here is the wildness and privacy of the Highlands, combined with rich and well cultivated lands. You have hill and dale, moor and meadow, extensive woods and the wide waters of the Wash. All kinds of game abound. The partridge and pheasant shooting is of the first order. Woodcocks and snipe abound. Every variety of sea-coast fowl invites the sport of the gunning boat. In severe winters rarer birds from colder climates frequent the neighbourhood.

Passing on from Sandringham Heights, we approach, with beautiful peeps through the plantations on the right, revealing the Lynn Lodges, the park wall, surrounding about 300 acres of land, open and wooded, and well stocked with a thriving herd of deer. Further on to the right appears the house recently erected for the accommodation of Lieutenant-General Knollys, Comptroller and Treasurer of the Household of the Prince of Wales.

Adjoining are Sandringham Church and Rectory, charmingly embosomed in foliage. The Church, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen, is small but well proportioned, and built in the perpendicular style; it comprises nave, chancel, western tower, with one bell, and south porch. In a niche over the arch of the porch stands a well-executed figure of a Guardian Angel. Internally a beautiful restoration has been effected in good taste by Mr. S. S. Teulon. "In the year 1835 this church was restored by Lady Harriette Cowper, daughter and coheiress of the Earl of Blessington, and wife of the Hon. C. Spencer Cowper, to commemorate their only child, Marie Harriette Cowper." In the nave are four beautiful windows of stained (some ancient) glass, by Clayton and by Wilmsburst. Two windows in the nave and another in the tower are filled with Munich glass, where the subjects are given in outline on an amber ground. The font is modern, but the cover is ancient; it is a beautiful specimen of the date of Hen. VII., running up into a richly crocketed spire. The stone pulpit is modern, ornamented with glass mosaic inlaid in the stone. The book rest is formed by a pilaster placed at one of the angles, and expanded at the top. The roof is open, the original oak work having, as far as practicable, been retained. The benches are of oak, of simple design but substantial character. The chancel is more ornate, and was renewed, with the assistance of friends, by the much respected Rector lately deceased, the Rev. G. Browne Moxon, over whose remains the Prince of Wales has lately placed a chaste white marble monument, "in memoriam." On either side of the chancel is a spacious seat of open carved oak work, affording accommodation to their Royal Highnesses and the family of the Rector. On the extremities of these seats stand out finely carved emblematic figures, from 12 to 14 inches in height. The east window was inserted by Lady H. Cowper; it is in the early English style; the subjects are by Clayton, as are also those in the two lancet windows in the south side of the chancel. The reredos has a diapered pattern of tiles, adorned with fleurs de lis, surmounted along the line of the window sill by ornamented stone work, in which marble and glass mosaic are inserted. Illuminated texts and symbols are distributed over the walls of the church. The pavement of the church is throughout patterned in black and red tiles. The church yard is entered by

a lych gate at the south west corner looking towards Sandringham House, and used by the Prince and Princess.

Sandringham is a Rectory valued in King's Books at £5 6s 8d, and has Babingley annexed to it. Together they now produce about £200 per annum, together with 32 acres of glebe. The patronage of both belongs to His Royal Highness who has just presented (1866) the Rev. William Lake Onslow, late Chaplain in Her Majesty's navy, and now his domestic chaplain.

Sandringham House is approached by the magnificent Bronze Gates presented in 1864 to His Royal Highness by the county of Norfolk. They will be remembered in the Exhibition of 1861, and are the work of Messrs. Barnard, of Norwich. They will repay minute inspection, and command admiration for their delicate and elaborate decorations, composed of flowers and creepers. On the piers of the gates and the extremes of the gateway recess, are colored armorial shields, each held by bronzed heraldic griffins. These shields represent the various titles held by His Royal Highness. Elegant palisading, embodying the rose, the thistle and shamrock, connects the gates with the wall on either side. The gates are surmounted by a Royal Crown, and below are the Royal arms, on a shield, encircled by the usual motto; at the back appear the Prince of Wales's feathers.

The house has no pretensions to architectural beauty, or to the character of a royal residence. Originally it formed three sides of a square; one side now only remains, to which additions have been made. The porch, having a room over, is constructed of beautiful carstone work with suitable stone dressings. The rest of the building is painted stucco. The western front to the garden has been made to exhibit a certain character of uniformity. Mr. Cooper added a terrace having an open brickwork parapet, and a flight of steps at either end; at the south end is a conservatory of somewhat peculiar style, and not well harmonizing with the house. The stables have been remodelled and enlarged, and now form a substantial mass of accommodation. One of the new and judiciously-formed drives leads to the Bachelor's Cottage, designed to afford accommodation to the members of the suite of His Royal Highness. Branching from this to the left, another path leads to the extensive kennels and the pheasantry, over looked by the tastily designed residence of the head gamekeeper; a dairy also is erected here. At a short distance beyond the Norwich Gates are formed the new kitchen gardens, comprising an enclosure of 15 acres, with an inner brick wall enclosure of 7 acres, laid out with good taste. All the appliances of modern gardening are here employed under the able management of the head gardener, Mr. Carmichael, whose residence adjoins. In all directions signs of skill, good taste and improvement appear. In due time this home of the Prince and Princess will emerge

into order, beauty and proportions more becoming the rank of its Royal owner and more worthy of general admiration. Already extensive offices have been commenced, and other additions are supposed to be in contemplation.

BABINGLEY.

Acreage, 849. Population, 67.

We must not omit a notice of Babingley Church, one and a half miles distant, which stands in a meadow and is visible on the right of the highway leading from Sandringham to Castle Rising. It is noteworthy as said to be built on the site of the first Christian church erected in the county, by Felix, a Burgundian Bishop, who, sent as a Missionary, introduced Christianity into East Anglia in the 7th century of our era. No traces remain of great antiquity in the present structure. The church, in the decorated style, is coeval with surrounding churches, and is now reduced by the loss of north aisle and chancel; the walls of the latter remain, with the remarkably well proportioned arch of the eastern window. The remains also of the piscina and sedilia may still be seen. The chancel arch is bricked up, and a small square-headed window inserted.

DERSINGHAM.

To the right of the station will be seen a pleasant view of this large and thriving village, sheltered on the north by rising and well cultivated fields, and bounded on the south by a sandy heath and rabbit warren of 1,900 acres, lying in the parishes of Wolferton, Sandringham, West Newton and Dersingham. The parish contains about 700 inhabitants and 2,951 acres of land. The Marquis of Cholmondeley and John Bellamy, Esq., own a great part of the land, and are Lords of the Manors of West Hall, Pakenham, Gelham, Shouldham Priory and Brook, all within this parish. The living is a vicarage worth about £155 per annum, of which the Rev. Edward Bellamy is incumbent. The wood hanging on the hill side, seen from the station, is a pleasing object; and a walk of about a mile and a half from the station will bring the visitor to the church dedicated to St. Nicholas, which is a large building with a square tower and six bells.

To those who hunger and thirst for a grand and expensive restoration, this church offers a first-rate opportunity. The building is of noble dimensions, not ill proportioned; but the words "neglect and decay" are those that must first suggest themselves to every visitor on entering the porch. A fine pointed arch in the tower is boarded half-way up; there is a screen separating the nave from the chancel, which formerly represented the twelve apostles, painted (and not ill painted) upon panel; this is in a state of dilapidation; the sedilia in the chancel are blocked up. On the south side of the chancel are two fine windows in the early Decorated style; the mullions are heavy, but there is considerable grace in their form.

At the south-east corner of the nave will be found a monument built of good material, in memory of John Pell. I subjoin the inscriptions upon it, observing what is somewhat curious,—that the stonemason, in carving the inscription, made what we call a clerical error, and corrected it on the marble, as any clerk or schoolboy would do in his book, by inserting the omitted words over the line with a caret below:—

MEMORIA SACRUM.

de Darsingham,

Hic jacet Johannes Pell \wedge armr. quondam Maior Linn Regis, qui uxorem duxit Margaritam filiam unicam, Gulielmi Overend, armigeri, annos 61, et unum feliciter una vixerunt, sex filios et tres filias inter se habuerunt, ille vero cum annos 81 compleverat, quinto die Februarii anno Domini 1607, matura senectute mortem obiit, et octavo die ejusdem mensis corpus sepulchro condebatur.

Mors nec metuanda nec optanda est.

EPITAPHIUM IN EUNDEM.

Mors violenta nolenti est prorsus nulla volenti;

Non queat ille mori, qui velit ergo mori.

Vivit non moritur Pellus, mors, hæc sibi vita est;

Qui sibi posse dedit, vivere, velle mori.

Dicere, qualis erat, vellem, vox faucibus hæret.

Dicere fata negant, esse, fuisse dolet.

Mortem formidabilem error facit hominum.

Huc tendimus omnes.

SNETTISHAM.

This is a considerable village with an ancient cross. It contains about 1160 inhabitants, and 4940 acres of land; and the scattered hamlet of Southgate, distant nearly a mile to the south, in the vale of the Ingold rivulet. Few villages in Norfolk can boast prettier scenery than this parish. The view from the rail-

way is pleasing; and it will well repay any summer visitor to Hunstanton, to take a ticket for the Snettisham station for the sake of a walk about the village. If he is addicted to sketching or photography, he will find here beautiful subjects for either art. From the station can be seen, about a quarter of a mile distant, a small water-mill. The dam at the back of this mill is a beautiful mirror surrounded by fine trees of picturesque form, such a subject as Creswick or Boddington would rejoice in. The church is dedicated to St. Mary, and is said to be of the 14th century. Shorn as it is of its pristine grandeur, it is still a fine fabric of beautiful proportions. It has a lofty octangular spire, rising from a tower containing five bells; with a nave, side aisles, and a south transept. It had formerly a chancel and north transept, and part of the former is still an ivy-mantled ruin. Within the last few years, the interior of the church has been restored at great cost, under the auspices of Mr. Butterfield and the late Mr. L'Estrange. The pews have given place to commodious and well arranged open seats. The large west window is a fine specimen of the Decorated style, and has been filled in by Mr. Warrington with beautiful designs in stained glass. There are, besides, two handsome memorial windows: one to Mr. Daws, a young friend of Mr. Butterfield's, by Preedy, of Worcester; and the other, which is by O'Connor, was erected by the Rev. Henry H. Bridgewater, in memory of his wife. There is a handsome brass eagle, which is used as a lectern; and the pulpit represents, well painted upon panels, Noah, Solomon, St. John, St. Peter and St. Paul, with emblematic devices.

The lordship of Snettisham at the time of the conquest was possessed by those terrible pluralists Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Odo, Bishop of Bayeux. It appears subsequently to have followed the fortunes of the neighbouring lordship of Rising, and to have belonged to William de Albini, and Walter de Montalt. Later it passed through the family of the Caryes, to the family of its present owner, Hamon L'Estrange, Esq. The free school was established in 1804, under the will of Anthony Hall, who, in 1708, left for its endowment, the reversion of an estate of nearly 50 acres, now let for £90 a year; besides which the master has a dwelling-house and garden. The school is free for instruction in reading, writing, arithmetic and Latin, to 20 boys of Snettisham, whose parents are not possessed of £400, or property worth £20 a year. The Hall, in the middle of the village, was long the residence of the Styleman family, now represented by Mr. L'Estrange, whose father assumed that name on coming of age. It was lately tenanted by Capt. Campbell, who married Miss Styleman. Little more can be seen of the mansion from the high road than the roof, and that little is not calculated to excite the curiosity of a visitor.

The living is a discharged vicarage, valued in K.B. at £5 6s. 8d., and in 1831, at £110; and this it seems arises from the rent of 34 acres of glebe, to which 32 acres were added at the time of the inclosure. By what hocus pocus the small tithes were abolished, and the land substituted, greatly to the damage of the vicar, perhaps the squire of that day and the Inclosure Commissioners alone could tell.

INGOLDISTHORPE.

A beautiful walk of about a mile from Dersingham will bring the pedestrian to this pleasing village. Arriving at what, alas! lately was the common, the visitor will observe recent traces of the ugly feet of the Inclosure Commissioners: hedge rows and railings now shut out children from their accustomed gambols, geese from their gabbling, and donkeys from their braying. The road to the right, behind Mount Amelia, the imposing seat of Capt. J. Davy, R.N., leads to the church, beautifully situated in a churchyard surrounded by venerable fir trees. The church, dedicated to St. Michael, has recently been completely and beautifully restored under the auspices of the Rev. W. T. Beckett, the present incumbent. The commodious open seats, the fine stained glass windows, and the handsome encaustic tiling of the nave and chancel, give a most pleasing aspect to the interior of the church, rendering it a place meet and agreeable for public worship. To the left of the churchyard may be seen Ingoldisthorpe Hall, the property of J. Bellamy, Esq., one of the principal landowners of the parish. From this strange, uncouth and melancholy pile, the visitor will willingly avert his eyes in search of the modern rectory, a little to the right of the churchyard. A few years' growth of shrubs and trees in the spacious garden is all that is wanted to give this rectory an air of comfort and rural beauty. A fine view of Mount Amelia is obtained from the railway as it passes from the Dersingham to the Snettisham station.

A walk of about a mile will lead to the large village of

HEACHAM.

This parish is about 14 miles N.N.E. of Lynn, and about two miles from Hunstanton. It is a large and scattered village on the sea coast, sheltered behind by a bold acclivity, at the foot of

which a small rivulet flows across the salt-marsh to the flat beach, where, although there is no harbour for shipping, coal vessels and other small craft unlade their cargoes on the sands. The principal land-owners are Hamon L'Estrange, Esq., C. Rolfe, Esq., and Miss Davy. The hall stands in a well wooded park, and is the residence of Mr. Rolfe.

The church, dedicated to St. Mary, has a square tower rising between the nave and chancel, and formerly had transepts. It is a handsome structure, in which a gallery and organ were erected a few years ago; together with other important repairs, which would probably have been executed in better taste, had the restoration been delayed a few years. The present yearly value of the vicarage is £226. The present incumbent is the Rev. J. W. Charlesworth, and the patron, Mr. Rolfe.

HUNSTANTON.

We have now arrived at the north-east point of Norfolk, upon which stands the pleasant village of Hunstanton, on an eminence, with a declivity to the east, opening into a fine valley, and terminated on the north-west by a lofty cliff called the Gore, or St. Edmund's point, being distant 10 miles west of Burnham Market, and 17 miles north by east of Lynn, commanding an extensive view of the ocean, and having a firm sandy beach. The population in 1861 was 490; since then it has been steadily increasing, and at the present time amounts to about 670. Its rate of mortality is exceedingly low. The deaths in 25 years ending June, 1862, give an average of only 13.9 in 1000, thus placing the village in the highest position in the kingdom in point of salubrity. The beautiful scenery in its vicinity has for many years past made Hunstanton a favourite watering place; and it would unquestionably have been, long ere this, a place of great resort for that purpose, had sufficient accommodation been provided. Year after year every house, and even every cottage that could be made available as a lodging-house, has been occupied by visitors. Excellent houses of different sizes and a handsome and commodious hotel have now been erected on the cliff just above the railway station, and there is every probability that in a few years the influx of visitors will create a demand for terraces of buildings, which will rival those of the most favored watering places in England.

The lordship of Hunstanton has been in the family of the L'Estranges ever since the conquest, and an elaborate pedigree of the family will be found in Blomefield's Norfolk. The present



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Hunstanton Hall, Norfolk.

owner of the hall, the manor and the surrounding estates is Hamon Styleman L'Estrange, Esquire,—a name which has been in the family for many centuries. The greater part of the hall was built by Sir Roger L'Estrange, who built the noble entrance gate-house; he died in 1506, and there is a fine brass to his memory in the church. The wings by which the gatehouse is connected with the rest of the building, together with the court and granary in front, were built by S. Hamon L'Estrange in 1623. Sir Roger L'Estrange, Kt., born in 1616, espoused the royal cause in the civil wars of Charles 1st; and in 1644, he intended to surprise the town of Lynn; but his plans being divulged by two of his associates, he was seized, tried and condemned to death. This punishment was, however, commuted for imprisonment in Newgate, whence he escaped in 1648, and fled to the continent. After the Restoration, he became a great political writer, and established a newspaper called "The Public Intelligencer and the News;" but this was given up to make room for the "London Gazette," commenced February 4th, 1666.

By way of compensation, Sir Roger was appointed "Licenser of the Press;" a post at that time of some trust and profit. He was knighted in the reign of James II., and died in 1704, in his 88th year. The L'Estranges were connected by marriage with many families whose names are still familiar to us,—such as the Pastons, the Cokes, the Wodehouses and the Astleys; and early in the 18th century, Armine, daughter of Sir Nicholas L'Estrange, married Nicholas Styleman, Esq., of Snettisham, from whom the present proprietor, Hamon L'Estrange, Esq., is lineally descended,—his father, who died in 1862, having assumed the family name.

The ancient mansion of the L'Estranges remains in a good state, though some of its most recent portions have been destroyed by fire. Some additions were made to it by the late Mr. L'Estrange, on his coming of age in 1835. The house, (surrounded by a moat,) which has a picturesque and venerable appearance, was built at the latter end of the 15th century. The building has been partially added to at subsequent periods, but retains much of its original character; it is quadrangular, three sides of the quadrangle being a double house. It is entered by the gateway, and from thence through a porch is the way to the house. The hall is a large room ornamented with bucks' heads and pictures of sporting and military subjects. Passing through it is the great oak staircase, around which are numerous paintings; amongst others, a portrait of the first Pretender, to the interest of whose family the L'Estranges were warmly attached. Within the turn of the staircase was the chapel, which was open at all sides through the banisters, and to the

gallery above, so that the domestics might be present at the offices there performed, for the chapel itself is more like a large pew for the family, and never could have been used before the Reformation. On the faded crimson velvet with which it is hung, are embroidered the words: "In resurrectione tuâ Christe cœli et terræ lætentur. Alleluia. Amen." A large parlour upstairs is wainscoted, and at the cornice is a beautifully executed pedigree of the L'Estranges. Many family portraits (of thirteen generations) hang in this room, of which by much the best is one of Sir Thomas L'Estrange, by Holbein. The old buttery and kitchen, with a wicket in the upper part, where the lady of the house might inspect the proceedings of the servants; and the oyster-room, where the noonday meal of oysters was taken, are still preserved, together with the armoury, containing several rusty suits of coats of mail housings. A great deal of the ancient furniture still exists, and the Gothic construction of some of the bedsteads is remarkable. Around the old hall are large offices, stew-ponds, a square walled garden, originally laid out in parterres, and an inclosed bowling green. The house is in a low situation, but in the park is some high ground, on which is an antique summer-house, commanding views of the sea and neighbouring country.

The above account of Hunstanton Hall (slightly altered) is contained in a letter, written in 1833, by Mr. Daniel Gurney to Sir Henry Ellis, accompanying some extracts from the very curious household and privy purse accounts of the L'Estranges of Hunstanton, during the reigns of Henry VIII and his children.

These accounts were kept with great minuteness, and relate not only to the house, but to the farm, the stable, the hawking, the journeys, and even rewards for bringing presents. I select a few items as specimens, and for the rest must refer the reader to the 25th vol. of the *Archæologia*, where the accounts are set out at length:—

11 Hen. 8.	In pis. of Wyllm. Glover, of Elsing, the xij	£	s.	d.
1519.	daye of ye monyth of Octobre, for vj shepe skynnyys			xij
	Item rec. of Blackheds wiffe for iij lb tallow, ye iiijth day of Decembre			ij
	Itm rec. of Mr. Pson, of Anmer, ye ixth daye of Decembre for a stone of tallow			ix
	Itm rec. of Symon Bangotts and Willm. Raven, junr., in full payment of ye lytill boate, xxviijth daye of Jan.			vij

THE FYRST WEKE.

xxvth Septembre	Fyrst pd. to John Browne for ix stone			
in the xjth yere	beffe		iiij	j ob
of ye reigne of	It. to a wiff of Yngaldesthorpe for vi gees			xx
King Hen viiiith	Itm to Blackwood wiff for buttr.			ij

	£	s.	d.
Itm for a quartr veile	vj
Itm for vj checons	vj
Itm for vi lb candell	vij ob
Itm for heryng	ij
Itm to Blackwood wiff for buttr	ij
THE XIII WEKE.			
Itm pd to John Maston for mewyng and kepyng of ye Goshawks from Chrostyde unto ye xvth daye of Novembre	x
REWARDES FOR BRYNGYNG OF P'SENTS.			
THE FYRST WEKE.			
In pis to ye Vicar of Holme servt in rewarde for bryngyng of ij curlews	ij
Itm to Mr. Asheley svnt for bryngyng of a fesaunt cocke and iiij woodcocks ye xviij daye of Octobre in rewd.	iiij
THE IIIIth WEKE.			
Itm to Sr Henrye Sharnburn svnt for bryngyng of a Bottell of Rynnshe Wyne	iiij

Further accounts kept by the L'Estrange family of a date as late as the middle of the seventeenth century, quite as curious as the above, are set out in the "Record of the House of Gournay" by Daniel Gurney, Esq., F.S.A.,—a work which, besides the interest it must ever have for the Gurney family, must always be of great value to all antiquarians, archæologists, and indeed all who take an interest in the domestic history of this country. The work is printed for private distribution only, and is enriched with numerous elegant wood engravings illustrative of places, persons, arms, signets, &c.

In reference to the foregoing accounts, Mr. Gurney remarks :
 "It is difficult, if not impossible, to ascertain the relative value
 "of money in England at different periods. This arises partly
 "from no good criterion being obtainable to form a basis of cal-
 "culation. Wheat was not the food of the masses; and its price,
 "and that of all kinds of corn, varied of course with the quality
 "of the harvests. Therefore, no sound inference can be made
 "from the comparative price of grain. Neither is there any
 "other article either of produce or of daily use which is not sub-
 "ject to nearly as much variation in value; and this applies
 "equally to the prices of agricultural stock and horses. The
 "interest of money might be supposed to be a fair test; but here
 "again the supply and demand of money at the particular mo-
 "ment regulate the rate, and the state of the exchanges with other
 "countries has a main influence. Possibly the price of sheep
 "and of wool might be the safest guide in an investigation of the
 "value of money at different periods; but even this cannot be
 "sufficiently accurate to be fully relied upon.

"As a rough calculation, if the clear value of an estate in the

"reign of Elizabeth was about £100 a year, and the rental at that time was about one shilling an acre, the same land would probably now let for thirty shillings an acre, and produce a rental of £3000 a year; and if to this is added the land paying rent in kind, and the commons now enclosed, such amount would be doubled; but this may be too favorable a view of the case."

The church is situated at the lower end of the village, and has a nave, two aisles and a chancel. During the ages of general neglect of churches, Hunstanton church was well preserved, and is a fine structure.

The style is Decorated of an early period. The east window is of very large proportions for the period, and very simple in design, consisting merely of plain circles above the lights. The west window being dilapidated, one in the Perpendicular style, ill agreeing with the general structure of the church, was inserted about 40 years ago.

In the year 1860 the late Mr. L'Estrange undertook the entire repair and restoration of the fabric, and added the clerestory over the arches of the aisles, substituting at the same time for the west window above referred to a new one of beautiful design in the style of the church. The new roof is extremely costly and elaborate; the solid beams of oak, the lofty pitch and the singular beauty of its massive form are well worthy the attention of the architect and the visitor. The whole of the timber was given by Mr. L'Estrange off the Hunstanton estate; and the entire restoration was completed from designs by that accomplished gentleman, the work being carried out by masons and carpenters under his immediate supervision.

In the centre of the chancel stood until the recent alterations of the chancel, what Blomefield calls a most noble and beautiful altar monument of marble to Roger L'Estrange, knight of the body to Henry VII., but it has now been removed. This tomb is curiously ornamented with brass, and the portraiture of a knight in complete armour, having on his surtout the arms of L'Estrange quartering Vernon, Camois, Walkfare, Morieux, Pike, Rushbrook, &c., with his crest on his helmet,—a lion passant guardant; over his head have been two brass shields with the arms of L'Estrange impaling Heydon, one of which still remains, and two at his feet, one of which is now remaining, quarterly L'Estrange and Morieux, also one on each side of him, now reaved. On the foot of the monument are the words "Remembrez a moy, remembyr L'Estrange." On a fillet of brass round the edge of the stone "Orate pro a'i'a." In the north wall is inserted a monument under a lofty canopy of stone work finely carved, to Henry L'Estrange and Katherine his wife, of the date of the 25th November, 1485; and on a marble grave-stone will be found the following quaint inscription:—

“Hamo extraneus, miles, obt 31 Maij, 1654 ætat suæ 71.

In terris peregrinus eram, nunc incolor cœli.”

In heaven, at home, O blessed change !

Who, while I was on earth, was strange.

HUNSTANTON CLIFF.

The cliff at Hunstanton, which (erroneously stated by Blomefield to be 100 feet high) is rather more than 60 feet in height in the highest part, and about a mile in length, is composed of different strata of the chalk or cretaceous system of geologists. This system constitutes the last deposit of the great secondary formation, and introduces in its hollows and basins what is called the tertiary, or that which lies immediately beneath the surface deposit or drift.

Commencing from the top of the cliff, we meet with the following strata:—

1. The *Lower Chalk*, so called because it is generally found lying beneath another stratum named the upper chalk; this latter, which is not found at Hunstanton, contains parallel layers of flint, as may be seen in the neighbouring pits of Thornham and Ringstead, and more remarkably in the cutting made for the railway from Lynn to Swaffham, near the latter place; while the lower chalk is entirely destitute of flints of any kind. It is thinly covered by vegetable soil and drift, and is about 30 feet in thickness. Its bed is much disjoined and cleft in all directions, affording ample facilities for searching its internal structure; but the traces of organic remains found in it are very few, if any.

Cottages and farm houses are sometimes built of this material, and it has even been employed in the erection of monumental effigies, as in the churches of Marham and Ingham. Long exposure to the weather, however, is said to decompose this lower chalk.

2. *Chalk Marl*.—This is a greyish argillaceous limestone, of a very compact nature, and about three feet in thickness. It contains an immense quantity of organic remains. The sea has the effect of hardening this rock, as it has been observed that pieces long exposed to the influence of the waves are much harder than such as have recently fallen from the cliff.

3. *White Chalk*.—This stratum is about a foot and a half in thickness, and is of a looser texture than the marl, and contains numerous remains of a remarkable species of branching zoophytes, much resembling the roots of trees, and about an inch in diameter.

2. *Red Chalk*, in two beds, the lower being the darker. It is very conspicuous, and of a rough, disjoined structure. Its nature is similar, except in colour, to the stratum last men-

tioned. The colour of chalk, indeed, varies much, it being usually white ; but in some places it is found of a deep red, and in others of different shades of yellow, &c. The red-chalk occurs nowhere else in Norfolk, but it may be seen on the Yorkshire coast, in the Speeton Cliffs, near Flamborough head. About three inches of the upper part of this stratum consists of a vein of soft argillaceous substance, of a deep red colour, which probably supplies the colouring matter of the whole bed. This colouring matter forms a very good pigment, and beautiful drawings of the cliff have been made, in which it has been used to tint the stratum it represents. The red chalk contains organic remains of several different species, particularly of the branching zoophyte already mentioned. There are also numerous small semi-transparent quartz pebbles, noticed by Sir Henry de la Beche, as occurring near Lyme Regis. This stratum is about four feet in thickness.

Near the north end of the cliff, from between the beds of white and red chalk, small springs of water occasionally issue forth.

5. *Green Sand* or *Glauconite*.—This is an argillaceous limestone, in which green sand is largely intermixed. In some places it possesses all the properties of stone, and, under the name of "carstone" is in extensive use for building ; in other places it is soft and friable.

The stratum contains no fossils, and varies much in thickness, as, indeed, do all the different strata here seen.

6. *Dark-brown Pudding Stone* or *Sandy Breccia*, which forms the lowest stratum of the cliff. It is composed of siliceous pebbles, and slender white veins may be seen passing through many of its masses. It varies much in the degree of intensity of its colour ; many of the large rounded blocks that lie scattered about the beach being almost black.

Some geologists have enumerated more than these six strata, and probably one or two more might be defined ; but the six above named are the most easily identified.

ORNITHOLOGY.

From the top of the cliff at Hunstanton, early in autumn, especially towards the decline of day, may be seen and heard large flocks of migratory birds wending their way in the form of a wedge towards some far distant home ; or, walking on the shore, a great variety of waders may be observed sporting in the shallows or on the sand-hills stretching away to the north of Hunstanton. Of many of these birds Mr. Munford has given an account in his valuable manuscript.

The swallow tribe, with several others of the smaller birds, frequent the cliff of Hunstanton, while it is occasionally resorted to by those of the nobler and larger kind. For many successive years a pair of peregrine falcons (*Falco peregrinus*) here

built their nest. Year after year they reared their young on a projecting ledge of chalk near the upper part of the cliff, and not far from the lighthouse; and year after year were they deprived of their brood, which were taken and trained to falconry by Mr. Downes, of Gunton, in Suffolk; till at length, worn out by this cruel persecution, they forsook the place in 1821, and went in search of a more secure abode.

The white-tailed eagle (*Falco albicilla*) has been several times taken in Norfolk, particularly on the western side of the county. Many years since, a fine specimen, which was slightly wounded with a gun in this neighbourhood, was with difficulty overpowered. This bird afterwards lived sixteen years in the possession of Henry Styleman, Esq., of Snettisham, at whose house it was in full vigour in 1818.

Mr. Munford also enumerates the following birds as frequenting this shore and the neighbourhood:—

- The Foolish Guillemot (*Uria troile*)
- „ Puffin (*Fratercula arctica*)
- „ Razor Bill (*Alca torda*)
- „ Golden Plover (*Charadrius pluvialis*)
- „ Dotterel (*Charadrius morinellus*)
- „ Lapwing (*Tringa vanellus*)
- „ Sea Pie (*Hæmatopus ostralegus*)
- „ Crane (*Ardea grus*)
- „ Heron (*Ardea cinerea*)
- „ Bittern (*Ardea stellaris*)
- „ Spoonbill (*Platulea leucorodia*)
- „ Curlew (*Numenius arquata*)
- „ Whimbrel (*Numenius phæopus*)
- „ Redshank (*Scolopax calidris*)
- „ Woodcock (*Scolopax rusticola*)
- „ Snipe (*Scolopax gallinago*)
- „ Knot (*Tringa islandica*)
- „ Stint (*Tringa pusilla*)
- „ Water Hen (*Gallinula chloropus*)
- „ Coot (*Fulica atra*)
- „ Wild Goose (*Anas anser*)
- „ Brent Goose (*Anas bernicla*)
- „ Swan (*Anas olor*)
- „ Mallard (*Anas boschas*)
- „ Teal (*Anas crecca*)
- „ Wigeon (*Anas Penelope*)

CONCHOLOGY.

The child who has out-grown his love for building houses and fortifications of sand with a wooden spade, will (if his curiosity be properly excited) seek for the jewels of the sea along the shore; and no shore in East Anglia has a greater wealth of such

treasures than Hunstanton. A few years onward, and the same child, of larger growth, maturer mind, and an eye informed by science, may perhaps be seen on the same shore, seeking the same things to other,—I will not say, to better purpose; and, to quote again our clerical friend: “Shells, the habitations of that division of Mollusca, or soft-bodied animals, which are denominated Testacea, have always been objects of very great interest to sea-side visitors; the elegance of their forms, the beauty of their colours, and their extreme durability, appear in a manner to adapt them with peculiar propriety for arrangement in the cabinet of the curious in nature’s works.”

MULTIVALVES.—Bordered Canoe-shell (*Chiton marginatus*).—This little multivalve, which is about an inch long, and resembles a wood-louse, is occasionally picked up in a dead state on the shore; but those who will give themselves the trouble of paying a visit to the crab-sea at dead low water, may find it in thousands, alive and in its natural habitat.

Common Acorn-shell (*Lepas balanus*).—Very abundant on the large boulders of black rock scattered along the shore. The little animal inhabiting this multivalve will afford the observer a spectacle of great interest. Let him find one of these acorn-shells on a small detached piece of rock, and keep it from all moisture for an hour or two, till it becomes perfectly dry; then place it in a basin of sea-water, when it will open the valves of its abode and exhibit its beautiful plume-like processes; these are the tentacula of the animal, with which it procures its food, and which it waves backwards and forwards in a most graceful manner.

White Piddock (*Pholas candida*).—This and one or two other species of the genus may be seen in myriads in a living state imbedded in the wood and clay of the submarine forest, off the coast, in that part now called the crab-sea. The sight of these and various other molluscos creatures in their natural habitats is so curious and interesting, that a walk to the crab-sea, even at the hazard of a wet foot, will richly repay the trouble. Dead valves of this shell may be frequently picked up on the beach.

BIVALVES.—Abrupt Gaper (*Mya truncata*).—Dead shells of the *Mya truncata* are very common here, and are sometimes found with the long membranaceous tube attached to their truncated end; this tube, the animal, when embedded in its burrow, protrudes through the sand for the purpose of collecting its food.

Sand Gaper (*Mya arenaria*).—This species is also common, and resembles the last, but without its remarkably truncated appearance.

Pod Razor-shell (*Solen siliqua*).

Sheath Razor-shell (*Solen vagina*).

Scimitar Razor-shell (*Solen ensis*).

These three species are found plentifully beyond the south end of the cliff, towards Heacham, but *Solen vagina* is the most rare. They form an article of food in many places; and, indeed, all the bivalves appear to be wholesome, or at least none of them are positively injurious, except the mussel, to be hereafter noticed.

One way in which these solens, or spout fish, as they are called, are taken is rather remarkable. Although they live surrounded with salt-water, pure salt appears to be very distasteful to them; and the fisher-lads, aware of the circumstance, are in the habit of dropping salt into the hole in which the spout fish resides, when it immediately rises to the surface and is taken.

The solens may be seen extended along the surface of the sand in a fine summer's evening, enjoying, apparently, the calmness and mildness of the season; but on approaching them too nearly, they instantaneously descend. We can hardly suppose that they *hear* the foot-fall. It is more probable that they feel the percussiou, and are warned by it. Dr. Johnston says: "I can explain this and similar facts only on the supposition of the existence of a sense of touch feelingly alive to impressions impalpable to our grosser sense."

Thin Tellen (*Tellina tenuis*).—This and two or three other species of this pretty genus are found plentifully on the beach. The dead shells are often seen perforated by *Buccina* and other carnivorous univalves.

Common Cockle (*Cardium edule*).

Simpleton's Mactra (*Mactra stultorum*).

Solid Mactra (*Mactra solida*).

Smooth wedge-shell (*Donax trunculus*).—All the animals of the four last-named genera live plunged more or less deeply in the sand or in the mud, but they are still able to come out of it at particular times; some of them lie as deep as six or eight fathoms from the surface of the sea.

Silvery ark (*Arca nucleus*).—The genus to which this beautiful little pearly shell belongs, is found on bottoms of sandy mud, at depths varying from the surface of the sea to seventeen fathoms; and some of the species are moored to stones, &c., by a byssus.

Painted scallop (*Pecten opercularis*).

Prickly scallop (*Pecten varia*).

Common oyster (*Ostrea edulis*).

Common mussel (*Mytilus edulis*).

Smooth mussel (*Mytilus modiolus*).—This abounds on the shore towards Holme. Vast beds of mussels are exposed on every ebb of the tide here; and they are taken in great quantities for manure, for bait, and to be eaten, roasted or pickled. It is well known that these shell-fish, although they may be commonly eaten with impunity, are sometimes found to be poisonous, bu

to what cause these deleterious effects are to be ascribed is uncertain.

These casualties, however, usually resulting in the summer, makes it not improbable that some natural change is at that time taking place in the animal, which renders it at that season unfit for food.

UNIVALVES.—Nun Cowry (*Cypræa pediculus*).

Waved Whelk (*Buccinum undatum*).—This species is very common on this shore, and the dead shell is frequently found tenanted by the Hermit Lobster (*Pagurus Bernhardus*).

Rock Whelk (*Buccinum Lapillus*).—This Mollusk is scattered plentifully among the black rocks below high water mark, and is remarkable as having been one of those from which the far-famed Tyrian purple was procured.

Reticulated Whelk (*Buccinum reticulatum*).

Pelican's Foot (*Strombus Pes-Pelecani*).—This species is now called *Rostellaria Pes-Pelecani*, and is remarkable as being found both living, and, in the Tertiary formations, in a fossil state.

Tube-reled Top-shell (*Tyochus magus*).

Ash-coloured Top-shell (*Trochus cinerarius*).

Livid Top-shell (*Trochus Ziziphinus*).—These plant-eating animals are captured at depths varying from the surface to forty-five fathoms, creeping on rocks and sea-weeds, sandy-mud and gravel.

Periwinkle (*Turbo litoreus*).—These well-known shells are also found both living and fossil. When living they are taken on rocks and weeds near the shore, and are plentiful here.

False Wentletrap (*Turbo Clathrus*).—As an instance of the difficulty to which all systematists are occasionally exposed, this shell, which by Linnæus was called a *Turbo*, was made a *Buccinum* by Rumphius, a *Serpula* by Davila, a *Terebra* by D'Argenville, and finally a *Scalaria* by Lamarck. It is not common on this coast, but is sometimes met with; the true or precious Wentletrap is a foreign shell, and was formerly held in very high estimation.

Livid Nerite (*Nerita glaucina*).

Strand Nerite (*Nerita litoralis*).—This pretty, well-known genus is easily distinguished by its entire semicircular aperture. The animal, like that of the *Trochus* and *Turbo*, feeds on marine plants.

Common Limpet (*Patella vulgata*).—Sometimes found here, but not frequently.

Common Tooth-shell (*Dentalium entalis*).—This shell is not often found here, but, when met with, will be easily recognised by its resemblance to the miniature tusk of an elephant, it being much elongated, truncated at the summit, and open at each extremity by a rounded orifice.

Spiral Creeper (*Serpula spirorbis*).—It is scarcely possible to pick up a piece of seaweed without finding it studded over with numerous specimens of these minute shells, which are not above the eighth of an inch in diameter.

Twining Creeper (*Serpula vermicularis*).—Every one must have observed that stones, dead shells, &c., are often found covered by irregularly twisted calcareous tubes. Large masses of these tubes are frequently dredged up by fishermen, and if placed in a vessel of sea water, while the animals are alive, few spectacles can be more pleasing than that which they exhibit. The mouth of the tube will be first seen to open, and then the creature will cautiously protrude the anterior part of its body, spreading out at the same time two gorgeous fan-like expansions of a rich scarlet or purple colour, which float elegantly in the surrounding water, and serve as breathing organs.

SEA WEEDS.

The limits of this little book will not admit of our entering here on the extensive field of botany; but as seaweeds are generally a very attractive object to sea-side visitors, I shall make no apology for drawing very copiously on the manuscript of my reverend friend, introducing to the notice of visitors a few of the more common species, which they are almost sure to meet with during their sea-side rambles, particularly after a gale of wind.

The extensive order of plants called Algæ is reckoned amongst the lowest of the vegetable creation, yet it is one that approaches the nearest to certain animals, and the greatest naturalists have been unable to draw the line of distinction between the least perfect of these vegetables and the less highly organized animals.

The shores of Britain afford a vast number of distinct species, varying in size from the most minute parasitic, to the gigantic *Laminaria bulbosa*, which is sometimes as much as a man can carry. One specimen was observed by Mrs. Griffiths, of Torquay, whose fronds formed a circle of at least 12 feet in diameter.

But it is in distant regions that the sea-weeds most abound, and where they attain their greatest luxuriance. Mr. Darwin, in speaking of the sea about Tierra del Fuego, says: "The *Macrocystis pyrifera* grows on every rock from low-water mark to a great depth, both in the outer coast, and within the channels. I believe that, during the voyage of the 'Adventure' and 'Beagle,' not one rock near the surface was discovered which was not buoyed up by this floating weed. The good service it thus affords to vessels navigating near this stormy land is evident; and it certainly has saved many a one from being wrecked. I know few things more surprising than to see this plant growing and flourishing amidst those great breakers of the Western Ocean, which no mass of rock, let it be ever so hard,

can long resist. The stem is round, slimy and smooth, and seldom has a diameter of so much as an inch. A few taken together are sufficiently strong to support the weight of the large loose stones to which, in the inland channel, they grow attached; and yet some of these stones were so heavy, that when drawn to the surface, they could scarcely be lifted into the boat by one person. Captain Cook, in his second voyage, says that this plant at Kerguelen land rises from a greater depth than twenty-four fathoms; and as it does not grow in a perpendicular direction, but makes a very acute angle with the bottom, and much of it afterwards spreads many fathoms on the surface of the sea, I am well warranted to say that some of it grows to the length of 60 fathoms and upwards."

Here we may naturally enquire, What purposes in the economy of nature are fulfilled by plants so numerous, so luxuriant and so universally distributed as sea weeds are? We answer that, although it is dangerous to decide on the designs and intentions of creative wisdom, it must be apparent to every one in the least accustomed to observation, that fishes, mollusks and other creatures find food and shelter among the tangled seaweeds of the ocean. Many sea animals are strictly herbivorous; others are so fragile, that they would be perpetually exposed to fatal injuries without the shelter of these submarine groves; while the spawn and young of a thousand species find amid their leaves and branches a safe and fitting nursery. It has also been surmised by chemists, from the quantity of alkaline matter found in the algæ, that they probably exercise a purifying influence on the water of the sea, and assist in maintaining that equilibrium which evaporation, and the discharge of rivers, continually tend to disturb.

But, if we know not certainly the part the sea-weeds are destined to perform in the grand economy of nature, we cannot be ignorant of the important service that mankind derives from them. Many kinds are eaten in different parts of the world, especially in the North of Europe, and some are esteemed great delicacies. Cattle at certain seasons of the year repair to the shores at low tide, and devour the sea weeds with great eagerness. The *Chondrus Crispus*, which is often cast up on our shore, is an excellent substitute for isinglass, in making blanc-mange, and the famous edible birds' nests are said to be made from a species of sea-weed. Before the introduction of barilla, sea-weeds were of the highest importance in the manufacture of kelp for making glass and soap; and they are still very extensively employed as a manure in agriculture.

In addition to the above may be found upon the beach the following plants:—The Podded Sea Oak (*Halidrys siliquosa*); Blad-

dered Fucus (*Fucus vesiculosus*); Serrated Fucus (*Fucus serratus*); Knotted Fucus (*Fucus nodosus*); Sea-Belt (*Laminaria saccharina*); Sea Whip-lash (*Chorda filum*); Red Ceramium (*Ceramium rubrum*); Dulse (*Rhodomenia palmata*); Scarlet Plocamium (*Plocamium coccineum*); Red Dock-leaved Delesseria (*Delesseria sanguinea*); Stone-crop Chylocladia (*Chylocladia clavellosa*); Dark Tufted Polysiphonia (*Polysiphonia fastigiata*); Lobster-horn Polysiphonia (*Polysiphonia elongata*); Tufted Polysiphonia (*Polysiphonia byssoides*); Scarlet Dasya (*Dasya coccinea*); Green Rock Con-ferve (*Conferva rupestris*); Laciniated Purple Laver (*Porphyra laciniata*); Broad Green Laver (*Ulva latissima*).

I shall conclude the above account of the Natural History of Hunstanton with Mr. Munford's description of one of its most curious phenomena, namely "The Submarine Forest."

"A very striking instance of the destruction of land on the borders of the ocean, by the mighty agency of tides and currents, or by some other natural causes, may be seen off the coast of Hunstanton and Holme at deep neaps. For there commences at Brancaster Bay, stretching by Hunstanton and Holme across the Wash, and extending all along the coast of Lincolnshire, from Skegness to Grimsby, a submarine forest, which, in ages far remote, abounded in trees and plants indigenous to the district. This now submerged tract was once inhabited by herds of deer and oxen, as is evident from the remains of their horns and bones, which have been occasionally found there; the foot of man has also trodden these now ruined wastes, for works of art have been met with, buried with the forest beneath the waves.

"It is difficult to reach this overwhelmed forest from Hunstanton without the assistance of a boat; but in the autumn of 1831, accompanied by a friend, the writer managed to visit it on foot.

"About two miles north of the cliff, and a mile and a half from high water mark, we arrived at the prostrate forest, consisting of numberless large timber trees, trunks and branches; many of them decomposed, and so soft that they might easily be penetrated by a spade. These vegetable remains are now occupied by an immense colony of living pholades and other mollusks, and lie in a black mass of vegetable matter, which seems to be composed of the smaller branches, leaves and plants of undergrowth, occupying altogether a space of about five or six hundred acres.

"Many of the trees, however, are quite sound, and still fit for domestic purposes; and indeed are sometimes used by the proprietors of the neighbouring lands for posts and rails. But the most extraordinary thing we met with in this expedition to the submarine forest, was a *British flint celt or axe*, embedded in the trunk of one of the decomposed trees, about an inch and a half,

by its cutting edge. This curiosity is now deposited in the Norwich Museum."

With this curious account of the long preservation of organic remains, which, however slowly, must yield at last to that change and decay that surrounds us on every hand, I close the account of this interesting village, trusting that the description I have given, however inadequate, of this region, may serve to indicate what may be sought for with success, by the antiquarian, the archæologist and the student of natural history.

RINGSTEAD.

The visitor to Hunstanton will not be long in finding his way to Ringstead Downs, a pretty valley running nearly east and west, and a favourite spot for pic-nic parties. The walk thither from St. Edmund's, is by Mr. Spanton's farm, turning to the right on approaching the Park gates, and passing within a field of the ruined church of Barret Ringstead, a Rectory now annexed to the Vicarage of Hunstanton. The road then turns to the left through Mr. Dodman's farm yard, where is a Chalybeate spring, the chemical properties of which are said to be equal to some of the best known spas in England. The pedestrian will now find himself in the Downs, and cannot do better than traverse the whole length of the valley (about a mile), at the end of which he will come to the village of Ringstead. Here he should stop to see the pretty Church, and he may then return to St. Edmund's by way of Hunstanton Village.

Ringstead parish contains about 2700 acres, the property for the most part of Mr. Le Strange of Hunstanton. The population at the census of 1861, was 522. Formerly there were two parishes, each with its church,—St. Peter and St. Andrew. About 1771 the Church of St. Peter was taken down (except its circular tower, which is still standing,) and the two parishes were consolidated. The existing Church of St. Andrew has a nave, chancel and tower, chiefly of the 13th and 14th centuries; but in 1864 the Church was restored at a cost of nearly £2500, and a north aisle and south porch were added. Mr. Le. Strange is patron of the living. The present Rector is the Rev. W. L. Hussey.

HOLME-NEXT-THE-SEA

is a small village between Hunstanton and Brancaster Bay, nine miles west of Buriham Market, containing 305 inhabitants and 1607 acres of land, including 413 acres of salt marsh, enclosed in

1859. The church (St. Mary) comprises nave and chancel, with a remarkably fine perpendicular tower at the south-west angle, containing five bells. At the east end of the nave is a curious brass, with figures of Henry Netyngdon, an itinerant judge in the time of Henry IV., and his wife, and an inscription stating that they built the steeple and choir, and also furnished the bells and vestments. The nave was rebuilt on a smaller scale in 1778, when the south aisle was destroyed. Both it and the chancel are debased, but the latter contains sedilia and a double piscina of very early date, and a monument dated 1607, bearing kneeling figures of R. Stone, his wife and thirteen children. The nave is filled with large pews. In 1861 some fragments of Roman pottery were found in the parish, near the supposed course of the Peddar's way, and they are now in the possession of the Misses Nelson. This Peddar's (or Pedlar's) Way, is supposed to be one of the Roman *chimini minores*, or vicinal roads, and passes from Thetford, by Ickborough, Swaffham, Castleacre, Fring and Ringstead, to the sea, near Brancaster; and it may be distinctly traced through the greater part of that course.

BRANCASTER,

which is a large scattered village about eight miles from Hunstanton, has a staith or quay, where the tide rises nine feet, in a commodious creek, which crosses the marshes to Brancaster Bay. It has a considerable trade in coal and corn. In the salt marsh have been dug up, near the beach, oak and chesnut trees, and the antlers of deer. Here was a large Roman station called Brano-dunum, and garrisoned with the Dalmatian cavalry, under a general, who was designated, from the nature of his appointment, Count of the Saxon shore, this part of the coast lying much exposed to the attacks of the Saxons. The castle and entrenchment occupied an oblong area of about six acres of ground, now a ploughed close above the marsh, where part of the ditch is still visible, with many stones on the north side; but all the other walls and foundation stones were cleared away many years ago, and partly used in the erection of a malt-house, said to be the largest in England, being 312 feet long by 31 broad, capable of wetting 420 quarters of barley per week, but it is no longer used for this purpose.

Numerous urns and coins found here are preserved in the cabinets of the curious; and knives and styles with handles finely wrought, about the size of clasp knives, have also been discovered. One of the coins found was inscribed *Janus Bifrons*, and another *Ti. Claudius, Caes. Aug.* A Roman road, afterwards called the *Jews' Way*, passed from Brancaster, along the coast, to the other great Roman station at Caistor, near Yarmouth.

SEDFORD,

a parish and scattered village, in the vale of a small rivulet, between Heacham and Docking, has 742 inhabitants, and 4124 acres of land. The church (St. Mary) is a large edifice of the decorated period, but most of the windows are perpendicular insertions. It comprises a spacious and lofty nave, with aisles and clerestory, large north and south porches, south transept, chancel and short tower, with octagonal belfry and three bells. The nave has six fine decorated arches on each side, opening to the aisles. The chancel appears to be much smaller than the original one. The old rood screen still exists, and in the transept is a piscina with a lateral opening. The font is Norman, and the pulpit is richly carved. An organ was purchased by subscription in 1862. The east window contains some beautiful stained glass; and the west window is similarly decorated by the parishioners as a memorial of their love for Mrs. Rolfe, who died in 1863.

DOCKING

is a large village 6 miles south-west of Burnham, and 17 miles north-east of Lynn. The parish, which includes Southmere, increased its inhabitants from 777 in 1801, to 1625 in 1861, and comprises 6228 acres of land. Southmere, commonly called Summerfield, is in one farm, (with 100 acres of wood), occupied by Mr. John Freeman. It was formerly a separate parish, and had a church (All Saints), of which no vestiges are now extant, though its benefice is still continued as a sinecure rectory, in the gift of Eton College. Docking church (St. Mary) is a neat structure, consisting of a spacious nave, chancel, south porch (now closed), and a lofty square tower with one bell. The tower and the windows of the nave are in the perpendicular style; but the chancel is of the decorated period, and contains some tablets of the Hare family, one of whom, Mrs. Winifred Hare, gave the sacramental plate. The east window is of five lights, with reticulated or net like tracery. The tower was repaired and the bell rehung in 1861, at a cost of £140. The public well here is 73 yards deep, and a man is constantly employed in drawing water, which is sold at a farthing a pailful. There are also two other wells, each about 67 yards deep, belonging to private individuals. The Docking Union Workhouse is in this parish, nearly in the centre of the Union, and is an extensive range of brick building, erected in 1836, at a cost of about £9000, including the furniture, &c. It was opened in December, 1836, and has room for 513 paupers, but in summer it has seldom more than 100.

THE BURNHAMS.

The "seven Burnhams" are a noted Norfolk constellation, and the distinction of being its "bright particular star" must certainly be awarded to Burnham Thorpe, the birth-place of England's greatest naval hero. The principal village—we beg its pardon—town, of the cluster is

BURNHAM WESTGATE, OR MARKET.

This parish contains 2997 acres of land and at the last census had 1094 inhabitants. There are several large and important farms in the vicinity, of which Sussex Farm (occupied by H. E. Blyth, Esq.) is the principal, and where English agriculture is carried out to its fullest development. The country in the vicinity is agreeably undulating and the air salubrious. The town is about two miles from the sea coast, and for the most part surrounds a large open space formerly used as a market place. The church, dedicated to St. Mary, comprises nave with aisles and clerestory, south porch, chancel and square tower with four bells and a clock. On the battlements of the tower are panels containing bas-reliefs, representing scenes from the life of our Saviour. The south aisle was reroofed in 1858 at a cost of £20; and the rest of the building needs restoration, the nave being filled with pews, and the mullions and tracery of many of the windows being gone. The clerestory is of the perpendicular period, and evidently later than the rest of the church. The chancel, which is covered by a very plain old roof, has three sedilia, a curious stone effigy without date or name, and a marble tablet of the Thornhill family.

BURNHAM ULPH AND BURNHAM SUTTON

now form one parish, with a number of houses adjoining the east end and forming part of the town of Burnham Westgate. They contain 380 inhabitants, and 1456 acres of land, chiefly lying in two farms, one belonging to the Earl of Leicester, and the other called Muckleton, the property of the Earl of Orford. Sutton church (St. Ethelbert) has long been a ruin, consisting only of the tower and part of the north wall of the nave. Ulph church (All Saints) is a small edifice, comprising nave, south porch, chancel and small bell-cot, with one bell on the western gable. It is much in need of restoration, the nave being filled with unsightly pews, the west window blocked up by a gallery, the east window partly hidden by a low ceiling, and the walls covered with whitewash.

BURNHAM THORPE

is about a mile east by south of Burnham Market, has 427 inhabitants, and 2327 acres of land. Burnham Thorpe is, as we have said, famous as the birth-place of Admiral Lord Nelson, whose father was many years rector of this parish, and also of Burnham Sutton. The church (St. Peter) comprises a lofty nave of four bays, north aisle, clerestory, chancel, north porch, and square tower with one bell. There was a south aisle, and the arches which opened to it may still be seen in the wall. The present windows are mostly perpendicular, though the original style appears to have been decorated. In the chancel are a piscina and three sedilia with richly-sculptured canopies. The east window contains some stained glass. There are several tablets of the Nelson and Everard families, and a fine brass, dated 1420, representing Sir Willis Calthrop, knight, in armour.

BURNHAM OVERY

has 650 inhabitants and 1880 acres of land, and includes the large village of Burnham Overy Staith, situated nearly two miles N.N.E. of Burnham Market, on a rivulet or creak, which crosses the salt marshes by two channels to the ocean, and is navigable for vessels of 60 or 80 tons up to the staith, where the spring-tides rise 9 or 10 feet. The church (St. Clement) stands on a bold eminence, a mile south of the staith, and is a very plain edifice, originally built in the form of a cross, but now consisting only of nave, south aisle and porch, chancel and low square tower. The latter is surmounted by a turret containing one bell. The transepts and north aisle are entirely gone, but three arches, which once opened into an aisle or chapel, and rest on massive circular pillars, may still be seen on the south side of the chancel. The building was probably erected in the 13th century, but has been much mutilated and sadly needs restoration. It is filled with unsightly pews, and many of the windows are common domestic ones. On the north wall of the nave is a painting of St. Christopher. Peterstone house, with its farm, at the south-east end of the parish, is the site of a hospital and chapel, called St. Peter de Patra, and anciently belonged to a religious community, who had a free chantry or oratory, granted them by the priory of Walsingham. At the dissolution, its site was granted to the Bishop of Norwich, and is now held of the see by the Earl of Leicester.

In this locality is an important brick-yard, the property of Lord Leicester, where the manufacture of various kinds of superior earthenware for use in building, drainage, &c., is carried on in a scientific manner and on a large scale. A branch runs from the West Norfolk railway into the heart of the premises.

BURNHAM NORTON,

one mile north of Burnham Market, has 172 inhabitants, and 1260 acres of land, belonging to the Earl of Orford, the lord of the manor. The church (St. Margaret) is above half a mile south of the village, on the western acclivity of a fertile valley. It is a spacious building, comprising nave with aisles and clerestory, north porch, and round tower with one bell. Almost all the windows are in the perpendicular style, except those of the chancel, which are decorated. The east window is filled up, and the aisles have been lately screened off from the nave, as the church is much too large for the present inhabitants of the parish. The pulpit is dated 1450, and supposed to be unique. It is hexagonal, and was the gift of J. Golding and his wife, who are portrayed on two of its panels. The other panels bear paintings of the four doctors of the church. The whole of these figures have lately been well restored. The ancient screen still remains, and is ornamented with paintings of six saints; and also of John Groom and his wife, by whom it was erected in 1458. The south aisle contains memorials of the ancestors of the late Lord Chancellor Thurlow.

BURNHAM DEEPPDALE.

is two and a-half miles north-west of Burnham Market, and sheltered on the south by a range of lofty hills, finely clothed with wood. The parish contains 81 inhabitants, and 1024 acres of land, of which 300 are marsh, enclosed under an Act passed in 1821. The church (St. Mary) consists of nave, chancel and round Norman tower with one bell. There was formerly a north aisle. The font is square and very massive, and is supposed to be of Saxon work and of a period prior to the Christian era, as it contains no mark or symbol relating to religion. On three of its sides are round-headed panels, in which are rudely sculptured 12 figures engaged in various works of husbandry, corresponding to the months of the year, the Latin names of which are boldly carved over their heads. It is supported on four shafts, which do not appear to have been designed for the purpose, and are of much more recent date. On the fourth side is merely a little ornamental leaf work. In 1855, the church was well restored, reroofed, paved with encaustic tiles, and furnished with new pews, pulpit and reading desk, at a cost of £300. At the same time the east window, which is a decorated one of three lights, was filled with stained glass, in memory of the Rev. F. G. Blyth, a late rector; and one on the south side of the chancel was similarly enriched in memory of John and Elizabeth Overman. There are several marble tablets of the Blyth, Rodwell and Lane families,

HOLKHAM,

renowned as the residence of one of the greatest promoters of agricultural improvement that ever lived, is situated about 14 miles from Hunstanton, the route to it lying through Titchwell, Brancaster and the Burnhams. The house was built by Thomas Coke, who, in 1728, was created Baron Lovel, of Minster Lovel, in Oxfordshire; and in 1744, Viscount Coke, of Holkham, and Earl of Leicester; but dying without issue in 1759, his titles became extinct. Over the door of the house is the following inscription: "This seat, on an open barren estate, was planned, built, decorated and inhabited in the middle of the eighteenth century, by Thomas Coke, Earl of Leicester." It was begun in 1734 and finished in 1760; it exhibits a centre and two wings, but is not remarkable for the beauty of its architecture. The most striking features of the interior are the entrance hall, built of marble, which measures 46 feet by 70, and is 43 feet in height, and has a gallery round it supported by 24 fluted Ionic columns; and the statue gallery connecting the principal apartments on the first floor. Few objects in this mansion are more deserving of attention than the marble chimney pieces, two of which, in the dining room, represent a sow and pigs with a wolf, and a bear and beehives, both specimens of exquisite carving. The library, which is extensive, contains a large collection of curious manuscripts, which were arranged in their present order by Mr. Roscoe, in 1814.

There is spread about the house a large collection of pictures, containing, especially, many beautiful landscapes by Claude Lorraine; there is a fine portrait of the late Earl of Leicester in his youth, by Gainsborough, walking in a wood in sporting costume, and accompanied by spaniels; and there are two of Charles Fox, one in his youth, by Reynolds, the other in later life, by Opie. I believe I am right in stating that the mansion is not open to strangers; but the garden and grounds, which are beautiful and extensive, are open to visitors every Tuesday during the summer months.

The family of Coke is very ancient; the late Earl, whose mother was sister of Thomas Coke, Earl of Leicester, was the son of — Roberts, Esq., but took the name of Coke on inheriting the estates. He represented Norfolk in Parliament for 57 years, until he was raised to the peerage in 1837; he was a staunch adherent of the Whig party, during the long period of their exclusion from office, but lived to see the principles which he had all his life espoused, at last triumphant. He married, first, the daughter of Lord Sherbourn, by whom he had three daughters: Lady Andover, Lady Anson and the Honorable Mrs. Spencer Stanhope; and secondly, Lady Anne Keppel, daughter of

the Earl of Albemarle, by whom he left, besides the present Earl of Leicester, three sons and one daughter. A conspicuous memorial, emblematic of agriculture, has been erected to his memory in Holkham park at the expense of his tenantry and friends.

WELLS

is an irregularly built sea-port town, 10 miles north of Fakenham, 29 miles north-east of Lynn, and about 18 from Hunstanton, at the terminus of the West Norfolk line from Heacham, and of the Great Eastern branch from Dereham. The parish has increased its population since the year 1801, from 2316 to 3464 souls, and contains 2025 acres of land. Wells had formerly a weekly market on Saturday, and races yearly; but both have long been discontinued. Wells was formerly one of the most incommodious seaports in England, but in 1845-6, the commission appointed to carry out the provisions of two Acts of Parliament obtained in 1844, borrowed £22,000, of which they expended £10,000 in erecting a substantial stone quay, 250 yards in length; and £9500 in paving, lighting and improving the town and harbour. The tide rises in the harbour from 11 to 12 feet, and on the bar to 20 feet, so that vessels of 150 to 200 tons can get up at high water; and some of that tonnage are built there. There are two steam tugs and about a dozen fishing boats; and in the offing are prolific beds of mussels. Corn is the chief export, and the imports are coal, timber, linseed cake, salt and manure. There is a Custom House, but the receipts are very small. The church (St. Nicholas) is a spacious structure of perpendicular architecture, apparently built about the middle of the 15th century. It comprises a nave with aisles and clerestory, south porch, chancel with north chapel or vestry, and lofty square embattled tower with eight bells and a clock. The aisles extend considerably beyond the nave to nearly half the length of the chancel, and the spandrels of their roofs are filled with rich geometrical patterns, intricate tracery of foliage with small birds perched in it, &c. The roof of the nave has been very fine, but is now much decayed; the wall plate has two rows of Tudor leaves, and the flat space between the mouldings is relieved by angels with extended wings; the pendants are terminated by angels bearing shields, rows of small Tudor leaves run round the panels, and angels with shields cover the intersections of the ribs and principals, as well as the ridge piece. In the chancel is a beautiful doorway opening to the vestry, having in the hollow of its moulding an elegant design representing a flowing stem, on one side of which are vine leaves and fruit, and on the other birds with extended wings picking the grapes. Over it is a brass to Thos. Bradley, rector (ob. 1499), who rebuilt the chancel.

There are also tablets of the Bloom, Robinson, Hill, Webber and Cassidy families. The nave and aisles are filled with high pews and disfigured by galleries; and several of the windows are partially blocked up. The rood staircase and part of the bottom of the painted screen still remain; and there are some traces of mural paintings of flowers and other subjects.

HOUGHTON.

The distance of Houghton from Hunstanton is about 14 miles, and from Lynn 13 miles. Its main attraction is the splendid mansion,—one might almost say palace,—erected by Ripley for the great Sir Robert Walpole, between the years 1722 and 1735. The approach to the house is by the south door, over which is engraved the following inscription:—

ROBERTVS WALPOLE
HAS JEDES
ANNO 1722
INHOCAVIT
ANNO 1735
PERFECIT.

In magnificence, it ranks as the first house in Norfolk, Holkham being considered the second, Rainham the third, and Melton Constable the fourth. It is built of freestone, having two principal fronts, ornamented at each end with a cupola. The wings, which contain the offices, are connected with the front by handsome colonnades. The extent of the principal front is 166 feet, and including the colonnades, 450 feet. The apartments are very numerous and still wear traces of their pristine splendour. The great hall, built chiefly of stone, but commonly called the marble hall, is a cube of 40 feet, having a gallery running three-quarters round it. It contains a full-sized bronze copy of the Laocoon. On the staircase is a fine original bronze statue of a gladiator, by John of Bologna.

The saloon is 40 feet long, 30 broad and 40 high. The fine collection of pictures which adorned the mansion in the days of Sir Robert Walpole, were (as is well known) sold to the Empress Catherine of Russia, of whom there is a fine portrait in one of the state rooms; but some among those that remain, are still worth attention.

Of the modern pictures, two are remarkable: the Fortune-teller, one of the best pictures Opie ever painted, containing portraits of two of the Misses Gurney, of Earlham; and a picture by Fuseli,

suggesting the notion that it must have been conceived under the horrors of a fit of nightmare, representing a scene from Dryden's story of Theodore and Honoria. A small recumbent Venus in white marble is also greatly admired.

The hall, which is built close to the site of the ancient family mansion, stands low, and the park is generally flat, with some old avenues of beech and other forest trees. Upwards of a thousand fine cedars, which were great ornaments, were blown down in the heavy gale of February, 1860; but several still remain.

CATALOGUE OF PICTURES, &c.

THE SMALL PARLOUR.

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|---|---|
| Horace Walpole, third son of Sir Robert Walpole.— <i>Rosalba.</i> | The Godolphin Arabian.— <i>Master unknown.</i> |
| Robert, Lord Walpole, eldest son of Sir Robert Walpole.— <i>Rosalba.</i> | Over the second door, Sir Robert Walpole, father of Sir Robert.— <i>Master unknown.</i> |
| Edward Walpole, second son of Sir Robert Walpole.— <i>Rosalba.</i> | Lady Malpas, an unfinished picture.— <i>Jervase.</i> |
| Over the chimney, the Norfolk Militia encamped at Reedham.— <i>Renegale.</i> | Lady Mary Churchill, in crayons.— <i>Pond.</i> |
| Over the first door, Sir Edward Walpole, grandfather of Sir Robert.— <i>Master unknown.</i> | |

THE CORNER PARLOUR.

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|---|--|
| Over the chimney, Horace Walpole, brother to Sir Robert Walpole. He was Ambassador in France and Holland, Cofferer of the Household, and, lastly, one of the Tellers of the Exchequer. Three-quarters length, by— <i>Richardson.</i> | Charles, Lord Viscount Townshend, Secretary of State to Kings George I. and II. Three-quarters.— <i>Sir Godfrey Kneller.</i> |
| Anne Walpole, aunt to Sir Robert Walpole, a head. | Dorothy, his second wife, and second sister to Sir Robert Walpole. Three-quarters.— <i>Jervase.</i> |
| Colonel Walpole, uncle to Sir Robert Walpole.— <i>Jervase.</i> | Sir Charles Turner, one of the Lords of the Treasury. Three-quarters.— <i>Richardson.</i> |
| Gulfridus Walpole, younger brother to Sir Robert Walpole, and one of the General Post-masters. He was Captain of the "Lion" in Queen Anne's Wars, and was attacked by five French Ships on the Coast of Italy, against three English Ships, two of which deserted him, but his own he brought off, after fighting bravely and having his arm shot off.— <i>Jervase.</i> | Sir Robert Walpole, when Secretary at War to Queen Anne. Three-quarters.— <i>Jervase.</i> |
| A Lady of the Walpole Family, wife of Sir Charles Turner. | Catherine, Lady Walpole, his wife.— <i>Jervase.</i> |
| | A very fine Drawing, Entombing Christ.— <i>Parmigiano.</i> |
| | Three portraits. George James, first Marquis of Cholmondeley. |
| | George Horatio, (present) 2nd Marquis of Cholmondeley, also Susan C., Marchioness of Cholmondeley.— <i>From Stater.</i> |
| | Lord Nelson. |

PRAYER ROOM.

Hung with beautiful India Paper, Over the chimney, a small Antique
the Furniture to correspond. Bust.

THE ARCADE.—(ANTE ROOM ADJOINING THE GALLERY.)

Over the first door, the finding of Two Scripture Pieces.
Moses.—*Romanelli*. Over the window, Portrait of a Lady.
Over the gallery door, Venus.— Foreign Sheep and Birds.—*Shaw*.
Albano. Large Landscape.
Large picture, Elk and Reindeer.— Portrait of a Gentleman.
Gervad. Foreign Birds.
Portrait of a Young Gentleman. Portrait of Two Ladies.
Two Flemings.—*Renegale*. Portrait of a Gentleman.
Two Flower Pieces. Near the window, a reclining Venus
Lady with a Lamb. —*Locotelli*.
Gentleman in Robes. Two Heads from Herculaneum.

THE GALLERY AND ANTE-ROOM (99 FT. BY 20 FT.)

A Sea View. James II.
Queen Mab. Portrait of a Gentleman.
A Landscape with Cascade. The Misers, a copy from Quentin
Birds.—*Renegale*. Matzys.
Hawks and Cranes. The Blind leading the Blind.—
King Charles's Beauties. *Salvata Rosa*.
Arthur, Earl of Essex. Small Landscape.
George I.—*Sir Godfrey Kneller*. Child with Dog.
Sir Robert Walpole. Venus attired by the Graces.
Portrait of a Lady. Noah's Ark.
Portrait of a Gentleman. St. John and the Lamb.—*Carlo*
Picture of Hounds.—*Witteau*. *Maratti*.
Portrait of a Lady of the Cholmon- Small Landscape.
deley Family. African Bull and Sheep. The Girl
Portrait of a Gentleman.—*Woolton*. by *Opie*.
Flight into Egypt. Landscape.
Head of St. Cecilia.—*Guido*. A Marriage.
Fine Head of Christ.—*Correggio*. Dog's Head, very good.—*Adolphus*.
Fine Landscape, in the style of Portrait of a Gentleman.
Claude.—*Woolton*. Portrait of a Lady.
Two small Heads. St. Jerome.
Landscape, with Titian's House. Joseph and Potiphar's Wife.
Landscape, very fine. Thunderstorm.
Finding of Romulus and Remus.— Dutch Piece.—*Teniers*.
Pietro da Cortona. Apollo flaying Marsyas.—*Rubens*.
Battle of Poitiers.—*Bourgognone*. Diana and Endymion.
Susannah and the Elders. Small Piece on Copper.
Landscape. Campaign of Louis XIV. in the
The Marquis of Cholmondeley.— Low Countries.—*A. F. Vander*
Eddis. *Muelen*, 1672.
Birds and Insects.—*Renegale*. Small View.
Lady Whitmore.—*Sir P. Lely*. Portrait of an Old Gentleman.
Countess of Orford. Portrait of a Young Gentleman.
Hawks and Cranes. Nymphs Dancing.

GALLERY AND ANTE-ROOM—*continued.*

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|--------------------------------------|--|
| Two Antique Heads. | Two Pictures. Nymphs Bathing.— |
| Charles I.— <i>Vandyke.</i> | <i>Witteau.</i> |
| Landscape. | Flower Piece. |
| Duchess of Portsmouth. | David at the Camp of the Philistines. |
| Campaign of Louis XIV.— <i>A. F.</i> | A Perspective. |
| <i>Vander Muelen, 1672.</i> | Lot and his Daughters.— <i>Rubens.</i> |
| Two Small Pictures. | Holy Family, on copper.— <i>Del Sarti.</i> |
| Lions at Play, a masterly Picture, | Bacchanalian Piece.— <i>N. Pouissin.</i> |
| copied by Richardson, of Lynn.— | A Magdalen. |
| <i>Rubens.</i> | |

BUSTS.

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|----------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Rome, by <i>Camillo Rusconi.</i> | Apollo, by <i>Camillo Rusconi.</i> |
| Minerva. „ | Antinous, „ |

HEADS FROM HERCULANEUM.

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|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Jupiter. (Antique) | middle, four Doric pillars rise and |
| A Philosopher „ | support a fine cast, in bronze, of |
| On the tables are bronze figures of | the Gladiator, by John of Bologna, |
| Venus and Cupid. | which was a present to Sir Robert |
| Returning through the Arcade, you | from Thomas, Earl of Pembroke. |
| ascend the great staircase, painted | The subject of the painting of the |
| in chiaro oscuro, by Kent. In the | staircase is Malagar and Atalanta. |

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| PRINCIPAL FLOOR.—THE COMMON | DINING ROOM.—(30 FT. BY 21 FT.) |
| Over the chimney is a fine pear-tree | Lord Malpas |
| carving by Gibbons; and in the | Queen Caroline. |
| middle is the Fortune Teller, by | George James, first Marquis of |
| Opie, Sir Robert Walpole, and | Cholmondeley.— <i>Pompeo Battoni.</i> |
| another portrait, unknown. | Theodore's Vision.— <i>Fuseli.</i> |
| Inigo Jones. | Aquatic Birds, from specimens of |
| George III. | the Loverian Society.— <i>Renegale.</i> |
| George II.— <i>Zeeman.</i> | |

THE LIBRARY.—(21½ FT. 21½ FT.)

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Over the chimney a whole-length | tion Robes; the only picture for |
| portrait, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, | which he ever sat in England. |
| of King George I. in his Corona- | |

THE MARQUIS'S DRESSING ROOM.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Over the chimney is a half-length, | Maria Skerret, second wife of Sir |
| by Dahl, of Catherine Shorter, | Robert.— <i>J. B. Van Loo.</i> |
| first wife of Sir Robert Walpole; | In the centre, Sir Robert, Horse and |
| on the other side, a portrait of | Groom.— <i>Woolton.</i> |

THE MARCHIONESS'S DRESSING ROOM.

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| Over the chimney, the Cholmondeley | Over the closet doors, two drawings |
| Family.— <i>Hogarth.</i> | of the temple of Minerva. |
| Three Views of Charlton.— <i>Nattes.</i> | A View in Hampshire. |

THE FAMILY BED ROOM.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Tapestry, the Four Seasons. | Great Grandfather of the Marquis |
| Over the chimney, a portrait of Lady | of Cholmondeley (1861). |
| Malpas, daughter of Sir Robert | Three Landscapes.— <i>Locotelli.</i> |
| Walpole, and married to the | |

GREEN DRAWING ROOM.—(30 FT. BY 21 FT.)

The ceiling is exactly taken (except with the alteration of the paternal coat for the star and garter,) from one that was in the old house, built by Sir Edward Walpole, Grandfather to Sir Robert.

Over the doors, Lady Malpas, the late Marquis and his mother, and Robert Earl of Orford.

Our Saviour driving the Merchants out of the Temple.—*Bassano*.

A fine Landscape.—*De Koning*.

Holy Family, very fine.—*Titian*.

A Landscape, very fine.—*Claude Lorraine*.

A very antique Holy Family.—*Old Palma*.

Two Pieces, Banditti.—*Salvator Rosa*.

Margaret, Countess of Orford.

Mrs. Jenny Deering.—*Sir Peter Lely*.

Three Sea Views, very fine.—*Van der Velde*.

Small Holy Family.—*Raphael*.

A Figure with a Globe.

An Old Woman Spinning, very good.—*Teniers*.

Two small highly-finished Pieces.—*Polenbourg*.

Over the Chimney, a very fine Holy Family.—Old copy from *Raphael*.

Lady Warton.—*Sir Peter Lely*.

A small Holy Family.—*Palma*.

The Assumption of the Virgin.—*Murillo*.

A View of Venice.—*Canaletti*.

The Family of Charles I.—*Vandyke*.

The Nativity.—*Palma Vecchio (or Old Palma)*.

The Angel appearing to the Shepherds.—*Bassano*.

Marriage of S. Catherine.—*Vandyke*.

Landscape.—*Bassano*.

Marriage of Henry IV., a sketch.—*Rubens*.—

A fine Old Man's Head.—*Rembrandt*.

A beautiful Granite Table.

THE SALOON.

Is forty feet high, forty long, and thirty wide; the hanging is of a crimson flowered velvet; the ceiling painted by Kent—subject, Phaeton with the Chariot of the Sun. The Chimney-piece is of black and gold marble, of which, also, are three tables. In the broken pediment of the chimney, stands a small antique bust of a Venus, and over the greater door is a large antique bust.

On the marble slab at the end, is a most beautiful bronze of the Rape of the Sabines.

Four antique vases.

Over the chimney, a portrait of Catherine, Empress of Russia.—*Painter unknown*.

Philoctetes in the Island of Lemnos, by Cipriani. The attitude of Philoctetes is considered very fine; he is drawn in the act of presenting the arrows of Hercules, with the intent of shooting Ulysses, but is dissuaded from it by the interposition of Neoptolemus.

Castor and Pollux.—*Cipriani*.

Œdipus, King of Thebes, by Cipriani. There are five figures as large as life. The figures of Œdipus and Antigone his daughter, are considered very fine. The scene is taken from Colonos, near Athens, where he is supposed to breathe his last.

THE SILK DRAWING ROOM.

The hanging of this elegant room is of rich brocade; it was presented by George the Fourth when Prince of Wales, was manufactured at Chelsea, and is equal, if not

superior, to any foreign. The chairs are tapestry. A most beautiful ottoman embroidered with gold, on white satin. In the pier is a large table of lapis lazuli.

SILK DRAWING ROOM—*continued.*

Over the chimney is a full-length portrait of a Lady of the Walpole Family. At the upper end of the room is a glass case with silver filagree, which belonged to Catherine, Lady Walpole; at the

other end is a very handsome old cabinet, engraven and inlaid with silver. The ceiling, cornice and doors, rich beyond conception. There are few rooms that can surpass this and the saloon.

THE VELVET STATE ROOM.—(21½ FT. BY 22½ FT.)

The bed-curtains, &c., are of green velvet, embroidered and laced with gold. Bed cost £2,000. The ceiling, painted by *Kedt*, is Aurora and her Nymphs, who are decorating her with flowers.

Over the chimney, the Marquis's Great Grandfather.—*Master unknown.*

Over the doors, Verrio the painter, by himself.

King William III.

Tapestry, the loves of Venus and Adonis.

A most beautiful little Bed, embroidered with gold and coloured silks on white satin, made for the christening of George Orford; George II. and Queen Caroline standing in person as his sureties, with his Grandfather, the great Sir Robert Walpole.

THE DRESSING ROOM

Is hung with very fine gold tapestry, after pictures by Vandyke. There are whole-length portraits of James I.; Queen Anne, his wife, daughter of Frederick II. King of Denmark; Charles I. and his Queen; and Christian the IV., King of Denmark, brother to

Queen Anne. It has fine borders of boys and festoons and oval pictures of children of the Royal Family.

Over the chimney, George IV., by Thompson.

Over the doors, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester.

THE EMBROIDERED BED ROOM.

This bed is of the finest India needlework.

His Royal Highness Francis, Duke of Lorrain, afterwards Grand Duke of Tuscany, and since Emperor of Germany, lay in this

bed, when he came to visit Sir Robert Walpole, at Houghton.

Over the chimney, a very fine Holy Family.—*Andrea del Sarto.*

Over the doors are two Views of Florence, by Rosa de Tivoli.

THE DRESSING ROOM

Is hung with India paper; the ceiling and cornice of this room are, like all the rest, in a beautiful state of preservation. In

the centre is the figure of Minerva with the head of Medusa.

Over the chimney, Tydeus.—*Fuseli.*

THE MARBLE PARLOUR.

One entire side of this room is marble, with alcoves for sideboards, with columns of marble. Over the chimney is a fine piece of altorelievo in statuary marble; a sacrifice to Bacchus, by Rysbrack; and before one of the slabs is a fine granite cistern. The whole of this room is in unison.

Prince Edward.—*Vandyke.*

Portrait of Sir Robert Walpole—*J. B. Van Loo.*

Prince Rupert.—*Vandyke.*

Portrait of a Turk.

Lady Walpole.—*Dahl.*

Portrait of the beautiful Miss Chambers and Servant.

THE HALL

Is a cube of forty feet, with a stone gallery round three sides of the room. The ceiling and the frieze of boys, are by Altari; the bas-reliefs over the chimney and doors are from the antique; the figures over the great door and the boys over the lesser doors are by Rysbrack; in the frieze are bas-reliefs of Sir Robert Walpole and Catherine, his first Lady, and of Robert, Lord Walpole, their eldest son, and Margaret Rolle, his wife. From the ceiling hangs a French lustre.

Over the chimney is a bust of Sir Robert Walpole, first Earl of Orford.—*Rysbrack*.

Marcus Aurelius.
Septimus Severus.
Trajan.
Commodus.

These last two were given to General Churchill, by Cardinal Alexander Albani, and by him to Sir Robert Walpole.

Before a niche, over against the chimney, is the Laocoon, a fine cast in bronze, by Girardon, given to Sir Robert Walpole by the Pope; on the tables are the Tiber and Nile in bronze, from the antiquities in the Capitol at Rome.

Fifteen mahogany doors in this room. Two vases in bronze, from the antiques in the Villas of Medici and Borghese, at Rome.

The bust of a Woman, a most beautiful antique.

The bust of a Roman Empress, antique.

On the terms and pedestals round the hall are the following busts:—

ANTIQUES.

A young Hercules, antique.
Baccia Bandanelli, by himself.
Faustina the elder, antique.
A young Commodus, antique.
Hesiod, antique.
Homer, modern.

Sir Robert Walpole, the prime minister to Queen Anne and George I. and II., was the eighteenth male of his family in a lineal descent, which may be traced from Reginald de Walpole, who lived at the time of the conquest,—a remarkable proof of constitutional vigor of race. The Walpoles took their surname from the Walpoles in Marshland, Norfolk, situate between Lynn and Wisbech, where they had their residence, until one of them, in the time of Henry 1st, obtained by marriage the estate of Houghton, which has remained in the family ever since.

He was born at Houghton, in 1676. After his father's death he inherited the family estate, said to be worth about £2000 a year, and was elected M.P. for Castle Rising, for which he sat in the last two years of the reign of William III., and became an active member of the Whig party. In 1711, he was voted by the House guilty of a breach of trust and notorious corruption, and it was resolved that he should be committed to the Tower and expelled the House; but the Whigs considered him as a martyr to their cause, and the borough of Lynn re-elected him in 1714.

It may be that some of my readers, who have heard of Walpole's expulsion from the House of Commons and imprisonment in the tower, may not have heard the specific charge made against him. Shortly, then, it appears that he was accused of having taken, while Secretary of War, in two contracts, from the contractors, two notes of hand, one for 500 guineas, the other for £500, and appropriated them to himself; the fact being that one Robert Mann, a friend of Walpole's, had taken and was entitled to a fifth part of the contracts, and the other contractors bought Mann out, with these notes of hand, which were designed for Mann, not for Walpole; accidentally, the notes of hand were made payable to Walpole for the use of his friend, and he endorsed them for form's sake only; but Walpole alleged that Mann alone received the money, and he (Walpole) had no interest whatever in the affair.*

On the accession of George I., he rose again to office, and remained Prime Minister, to the great advantage of his country, until he was driven by faction from his office in 1742. On his retirement he was created Baron Houghton and Viscount Walpole, in Norfolk, and Earl of Orford, in Suffolk.

To most readers, the interest of Houghton must be closely intertwined with the person and character of its founder and central figure. Archdeacon Coxe informs us that Sir Robert Walpole was tall and well proportioned, and in his youth and opening manhood, so comely, that at the time of his marriage he and his wife were called *the handsome couple*, and among the Knights who walked in procession at the Installation of the Garter, in 1725, he was, next to the Duke of Grafton and Lord Townsend, most distinguished for his appearance. As he advanced in years he became extremely corpulent and unwieldy. His countenance does not seem to have been remarkable for strong traits. The features were regular; when he spoke, and particularly when he smiled, his physiognomy was pleasing, benign and enlightened. His eye was full of spirit and fire, and his brow prominent and manly. His son observed, it would have done you good to hear him laugh. Sir Charles Hanbury Williams said, "he laughed the heart's laugh." His conversation was sprightly, animated and facetious, yet occasionally coarse and vulgar, and too often licentious to an unpardonable degree. In company with women he assumed an air of gallantry, which even in his younger days was ill-suited to his manner and character, but in his latter years was totally incompatible with his age and figure. He affected in his conversation with the sex a trifling levity; but his gaiety was rough and boisterous, his wit too often coarse and licentious. Those who wish to learn the

*Coxe.

language of gallantry at that day, may find it in the comedies of Congreve, which possibly furnished Sir Robert with his gallant phraseology.

His buildings at Houghton were more magnificent than suited his circumstances, and drew on him great obloquy. He felt the impropriety of this expenditure, and, on seeing his brother's house at Wolterton, expressed his wishes that he had contented himself with a similar structure.

The following anecdote also shews that he regretted his profusion. Sitting by Sir John Hynde Cotton, during the reign of Queen Anne, and in allusion to a sumptuous house which was then building by Harley, he observed, that to construct a great house was a high act of imprudence in any minister. Afterwards, when he had pulled down the family mansion at Houghton, and raised a magnificent edifice, being reminded of that observation by Sir John Hynde Cotton, he readily acknowledged its justness and truth, but added: "Your recollection is too late; I wish you had reminded me of it before I began building; it might then have been of service to me."

His style of living was consonant to the magnificence of his mansion. He had usually two annual meetings at Houghton. The one in the spring, to which were invited only the most select friends and the leading members of the cabinet, continued about three weeks. The second was in autumn, towards the commencement of the shooting season; it continued six weeks or two months, and was called the "congress"; at this time Houghton was filled with company from all parts. He kept a public table, to which all gentlemen in the county found a ready admission.

Horace Walpole's account of his father's guests at Houghton was far from flattering. In a letter to Mr. Chute he writes: "Only imagine that I here every day see men who are mountains of roast beef, and only seem just roughly hewn out into the outlines of human form, like the giant rock at Pratolino. I shudder when I see them brandish their knives in act to carve, and look on them as savages that devour one another. I should not stare at all more than I do, if yonder Alderman at the lower end of the table, was to stick his fork into his neighbour's jolly cheek, and cut a brave slice of brown and fat. Why, I'll swear I see no difference between a country gentleman and a sirloin; whenever the first laughs, or the latter is cut, there run out just the same streams of gravy! Indeed, the sirloin does not ask quite so many questions. I have an aunt here, a family piece of goods, an old remnant of inquisitive hospitality and economy, who, to all intents and purposes, is as beefy as her neighbours. She wore me so down yesterday with interrogatories, that I dreamt all night she was at my ear with who's and why's and what's and where's."

The expenses of these meetings have been computed at £3000. Nothing could be more ill-judged than the enormous profusion, except the company for which it was made. The mixed multitude consisted of his friends in both Houses, and their friends. The noise and uproar, the waste and confusion were prodigious. As if by way of penance, the house has been silent enough now for many a good year. The best friends of Sir Robert Walpole in vain remonstrated against this scene of riot and misrule. As the minister himself was fond of mirth and jollity, the conviviality of their meetings was too frequently carried to excess; and Lord Townsend, whose dignity of deportment and decorum of character revolted against these scenes, which he called the Bacchanalian orgies of Houghton, not unfrequently quitted Rainham during their continuance. But, notwithstanding these censures, and the impropriety of such conduct, it undoubtedly gained and preserved to the minister numerous adherents, who applauded a mode of living so analogous to the spirit of ancient hospitality.

In reference to his social qualities, Pope says in his satires :

“ Seen him, I have, but in his happier hour
Of social pleasure, ill-exchanged for power ;
Seen him, unnumbered with the venal tribe,
Smile without art, and win without a bribe.”

Notwithstanding his long reign of office, and as his enemies said of corruption, he died comparatively poor. Writing to Sir Horace Mann at the time of his father's death, Horace Walpole says : “ His enemies pay him the compliment of saying ‘ they do ‘ believe now, that he did not plunder the public as he was accused of doing, he having died in such circumstances.’ If there “ were no proofs of his honesty but this, I don't think this would “ be indisputable authority ; not leaving immense riches would “ be scanty evidence of his not having acquired them, there hap- “ pening to be such a thing as spending them. It is certain, he is “ dead, very poor ; his debts, with his legacies, which are trifling, “ amount to fifty thousand pounds. His estate, a nominal eight “ thousand a-year, much mortgaged. In short, his fondness for “ Houghton has endangered Houghton. If he had not so over- “ done it, he might have left such an estate for his family as “ might have secured the glory of the place for many years ; “ another such debt must expose it to sale.”

With all its grandeur, nothing but a house full of good company could prevent Houghton being a heavy, cheerless looking place, and one is not surprised that Horace Walpole compared a visit to Houghton to Siberian exile. Writing to Sir Horace Mann, he says : “ I am writing to you two or three days before- “ hand, my way of settling my affairs ; not that I am going to be

"married, or to die, but something as bad as either, if it were to last as long. You will guess that it can only be going to Houghton; but I make as much an affair of that, as other people would of going to Jamaica. You know St. Evremont's rule for conquering the passions, was to indulge them; mine, for keeping my temper in order, is never to leave it too long with another person. It is impossible, in one house, with one set of company, to be always agreeable. If I had a house of my own in the country, and could live there now and then alone, or frequently changing my company, I am persuaded I should like it; at least I fancy I should."

This ideal, as we know, he afterwards realized by building Strawberry Hill, where he not only indulged his antiquarian and archæological tastes, but planted lilacs, made hay, and enjoyed the society of Kitty Clive and his Twickenham neighbours, with the pleasing consciousness that at the first approach of *ennui*, a drive of two hours and a half would take him to the warmth, the life and the gossip of Arlington street.

On the death of Sir Robert Walpole, first Earl of Orford, Houghton descended to his eldest son and grandson successively, and the grandson dying without issue, the title and the estate descended to Horace Walpole at an age when he was past the power of enjoying either the one or the other. At length, however, he was proprietor of Houghton, and is I think entitled to occupy a short space in these pages; for, large as is the space that the father must ever occupy in the history of his country, I believe that the reputation of the son, among men of letters, is not only as great, but at the present day may be said to be the more living reputation of the two, inasmuch as the name of Horace Walpole continually recurs in general conversation and in the pages of modern authors. The following estimate of Walpole as a writer, is by no friendly hand* :—

"The literary fame of Horace Walpole has passed through several phases, always on the increase, and we doubt whether it is even yet at its full. What a voluminous and important author this writer of light essays and gossiping letters has become!

"His first attempts as an author were those of a man of fashion amusing himself with literary trifles, in the intervals of still lighter frivolities. From these latter he was soon weaned by an instinctive love of the arts, and an almost instinctive zeal in politics; but the ambition of authorship, which he was for ever disclaiming, was, we are satisfied, his predominant passion. To it, fortunately for posterity, he contrived to make both politics and the arts subservient, and he has achieved a reputation, not

“only, we believe, beyond all the aspirations of his vanity, but by means which at the outset he could not have contemplated, and perhaps to the last did not very distinctly appreciate.

“It is not by his slight but lively sketch of ‘Royal and Noble Authors,’ or the ‘Anecdotes of Painting,’ of which he supplied little more than the gay strings that tied together the gatherings of Virtue, nor by his ingenious ‘Historic Doubts,’ nor by his romance of ‘Otranto,’ which founded the school to which Mrs. Radcliffe succeeded as head mistress. It is not by any of these that he will be known to posterity, but by his ‘incomparable letters,’—and not even by them *as letters*,—models though they be of every variety of epistolary excellence. They will indeed be long read—as we for twenty years have been reading them—for amusement; and their brilliancy—sparkling but cold, like icicles in sunshine—will perhaps rival, in the coarser tastes of the generality of mankind, the sprightly and sensible *causeries* of Madame de Sévigné and the mingled pleasantry and pathos of Cowper.

“But it is not for the mere merits of his style that Walpole’s letters are destined, more surely perhaps than any other work of his or our age, to immortality; it is because those letters are in fact a chronicle—much more minute and particular than Hollinshed or Hall—of every occurrence and of every opinion which attracted or deserved public attention, either at home or abroad, during one of the busiest half-centuries of European history. His letters are in fact a perfect encyclopædia of information from the very best sources—politics from the fountain-head of parties—debates by the best reporters—foreign affairs from an *habitué* of diplomatic society—sketches of public characters by their intimate acquaintance or associates—the gossip of fashionable life from a man of fashion—literature from a man of letters—the arts from a man of taste—the news of the town from a member of every club in St. James’s street; and all this retailed day by day, and hour by hour, to a variety of correspondents, by a pen whose vivacity and graphic power is equalled by nothing but the wonderful industry and perseverance with which it was plied through so long a series of years.”

His taste in and knowledge of architecture, were before his age; and out of Mrs. Chenevix’s lath and plaister toy-shop, at Strawberry hill, he manufactured a building which gave a new impulse to our domestic architecture. Walpole, says his critic, was no architect, nor was he designing a castle, nor even a house; he had set about repairing a small cottage, the mean proportions and odd irregularities of which might, as it seemed to his prophetic eye, be best reconciled to comfort and beauty by an adaptation of the old English style. The delightful work grew on his hands, the toy villa gradually assumed the mingled features

of a cloister and a castle, thus making for himself,—what to him Houghton could never be,—a very enjoyable and interesting villa, and created for his country a noble and characteristic style. This Gothic villa in his hands gradually became one of the most interesting museums of antiquities, relics of history, and objects of art and vertu of almost every variety which the house of any private gentleman ever displayed. There were works by Benvenuto Cellini, miniatures of rare beauty by Petito and Zincke,* historical portraits by Holbein, rare and costly pottery of all kinds, and, in fact, whatever could please the taste of the enlightened virtuoso, or illustrate the history of the past. When, a few years ago, this collection was dispersed by the ruthless hammer of George Robins, at a sale of 14 days' duration, it was felt to be almost a national loss. He was the friend of West and Gray, and when Marshal Conway was cashiered by Geo. III. for giving an honest vote, Walpole offered him half his fortune. One general charge made against him is, that he was a sybarite, who lived to himself alone; there are few traces of any forwardness to promote schemes of charity, or benevolence. Much of this must be admitted; but it may be pleaded in mitigation, that in Walpole's day the fashion of philanthropy had not set in, and it is not fair to judge him by the existing standard, so very different from that of the eighteenth century. To dive into the almsgiving of Horace Walpole at this time of day would be rather unprofitable employment, but to discover that Hannah More got two guineas out of him for a poor family is at least to make a beginning.

Much of the acrimony expressed against him was caused by his holding an unfavorable opinion of George III., whom, in conjunction with Mason, he satirized in the "Heroic Epistle." Perhaps the recent publication of the "Grenville correspondence" may go far to justify Walpole's unfavorable estimate of the King's public character.

One of the charges made against him was that, having affected to patronize that wild, impracticable and ill-fated boy Chatterton, he then neglected him. Of this he has been generally acquitted, and specially by Mr. Masson, Chatterton's latest biographer, who says: "Of all the unreasonable things ever done by a misjudging public, certainly that of condemning Walpole to infamy for his conduct in this affair, and charging on him all the tragic sequel of Chatterton's life, is one of the most unreasonable. The probability is that Walpole behaved better than most people would have done under the circumstances. Let

* Exquisite painters, on enamel; the one born at Geneva, in 1607, and patronized by Charles I. and Louis XIV.; the other born at Dresden, about 1684, and patronised by George II. and Queen Caroline.

“any one in the present day fancy how *he* would act if some one “utterly unknown to him were to try to impose upon him in a “similar way through the post-office. Would the mere cleverness “of the cheat take away the instinctive frown of resentment and “change it into admiring enthusiasm.”

He sat in Parliament for the boroughs of Carrington, Castle Rising and King’s Lynn, but did not distinguish himself in that arena. On his election for Lynn in 1761 he wrote the following humorous account to Mr. Montague:—“Think of me, the subject of a mob, who was scarce ever before in a mob, addressing “them in the Town Hall, riding at the head of two thousand “people through such a town as Lynn, dining with above two “hundred of them amid bumpers, huzzas, songs and tobacco, and “finishing with country dancing at a ball and sixpenny whisk. “I have borne it all cheerfully; nay, have sat hours in *conversation*, the thing upon earth that I hate; have been to hear “misses play on the harpsichord and to see an alderman’s copies “of Rubens and Carlo Marat* Yet to do the folks justice, they “are sensible and reasonable and civilized; their very language “is polished since I lived among them.

“P.S.—I forgot to tell you that my ancient aunt Hammond “came over to Lynn to see me, not from any affection but “curiosity. The first thing she said to me, though we have not “met these sixteen years, was: ‘Child, you have done a thing “to-day that your father never did in all his life; you sat as “they carried you. He always stood the whole time. “‘Madam,’ said I, ‘When I am placed in a chair I conclude I “am to sit in it; besides, as I cannot imitate my father in great “things, I am not at all ambitious of mimicking him in little “ones.’”

Whenever we have been charmed with the pages of an author our curiosity is almost invariably excited to know what manner of man he was; we always seem to doubt whether one who excels ourselves so much in some fine qualities of mind resembles the rest of his kind in other ways. Often enough when we come to examine the lives of distinguished authors we find it a record of very small circumstances,—only interesting to us and only worth recording as accessories to the portrait of a man otherwise note-worthy; but who would willingly forego the record of the facts that Dr. Johnson’s teapot was always concocting, and that he knocked down Osborn the bookseller with a big folio? Speaking of Dr. Gibbons, a dissenting minister, he said: “I took to Gibbons, and shall be glad to see him. Tell him if he will call on me and dawdle over a dish of tea in an afternoon I shall take

* Which of the Lynn aldermen now possesses even *copies* of Rubens and Carlo Maratti?

it kind." Trifling anecdotes such as these individualize the man and are pleasing for many reasons, principally perhaps for the reason that one touch of nature proves us all of kin; and the avidity with which memoirs as minute as Mr. Forster's life of Goldsmith have been read, proves that even the record of a genuine wash-woman's bill, particularly if it was not paid for, is capable of interesting not the public alone but the most thoughtful of readers.

The following description of the person and habits of Horace Walpole from the stilted and affected pen of Mr. Pinkerton, is therefore to my mind the most valuable page of the memoir of Walpole, prefixed by him to the *Walpoleiana*:—"The person of Horace Walpole was short and slender, but compact and neatly formed. When viewed from behind he had somewhat of a boyish appearance owing to the form of his person and the simplicity of his dress. His features may be seen in many portraits;* but none can express the placid goodness of his eyes, which would often sparkle with sudden rays of wit or dart forth flashes of the most keen and intuitive intelligence. His laugh was forced and uncouth, and even his smile not the most pleasing. His walk was enfeebled by gout, which, if the editor's memory do not deceive, he mentioned that he had been tormented with since the age of twenty-five, adding, at the same time, that *it was no hereditary disorder*, his father, Sir Robert Walpole, who always drank ale, never having known that disorder, and far less his other parent. This painful complaint not only affected his feet but attacked his hands to such a degree that his fingers were always swelled and deformed and discharged large chalk-stones once or twice a year. Whether owing to this disorder or to a sense of superiority of mental delights and clear, even spirits, to the feverish delirium of debauch, the perdition of memory, and the slow convalescence amid the pangs of self-reproach, he passed the later half, at least, of his life in the most strict temperance, though in his youth it is believed he was rather addicted to the luxuries of a replete table. Though he sat up very late, either writing or conversing, he generally rose about nine o'clock, and appeared in the breakfast room, his constant and chosen apartment, with fine vistas towards the Thames. His approach was proclaimed and attended by a little favorite dog, the legacy of the Marquise du Desfaut, which ease and attention had rendered so fat that it could hardly move. This was placed beside him on a small sofa; the tea-kettle, stand and heater were brought in, and he drank two or

* A characteristic portrait of him, painted kit-cat size, will be found in the National Portrait Gallery. There is one at Houghton painted in early youth, dressed in a wig, and a silk coat embroidered with peacocks' feathers, but little resembling the portraits taken in later life.

three cups of that liquor out of most rare and precious ancient porcelain of Japan, of a fine white, embossed with large leaves. The account of his china cabinet in his description of his villa, will show how rich he was in that elegant luxury. The loaf and butter were not spared, for, never tasting even what is called 'no supper,' he was appetised for breakfast; and the dog and the squirrels had a liberal share of his repast. Dinner was served up in the small parlour, or large dining-room, as it happened; in winter, generally the former. His valet supported him downstairs, and he ate most moderately of chicken, pheasant, or any light food. Pastry he disliked, as difficult of digestion, though he would taste a portion of venison pie. Never, but once that he drank two glasses of white wine, did the editor see him taste any liquor, except ice-water. A pail of ice was placed under the table, in which stood a decanter of water, from which he supplied himself with his favourite beverage.

"If his guest liked even a moderate supply of wine, he must have called for it during dinner, for almost instantly after, he rang the bell to order coffee upstairs. Thither he would pass about five o'clock, and generally resuming his place on the sofa, would sit till two o'clock in the morning, in miscellaneous chit-chat, full of singular anecdotes, strokes of wit, and acute observations, occasionally sending for books or curiosities, or passing to the library, as any reference happened to arise in conversation. After his coffee he tasted nothing; but the snuff-box of *tabac-d'etrennes* from Fribourg's was not forgotten, and was replenished from a canister lodged in an ancient marble urn of great thickness, which stood on the window-seat, and served to secure its moisture and rich flavour.

"Such was a private rainy day of Horace Walpole. The forenoon quickly passed in roaming through the numerous apartments of the house, in which, after twenty visits, still something new would occur; and he was, indeed, constantly adding fresh acquisitions. Sometimes a walk in the grounds would intervene, on which occasions he would go out in his slippers through a thick dew, and he never wore a hat. He said that on his first visit to Paris, he was ashamed of his effeminacy, when he saw every little meagre Frenchman, whom even he could have thrown down with a breath, walking without a hat, which he could not do without a certainty of that disease which the Germans say is endemic in England, and is termed by the natives *le catch-cold*. The first trial cost him a slight fever, but he got over it, and never caught cold afterwards—draughts of air, damp rooms, windows open at his back, all situations were alike to him in this respect. He would even show some little offence at any solicitude expressed by his guests on such an occasion, as an idea arising from a seeming tenderness of his frame; and would

say, with a half-smile of good-humoured crossness : ' My back is the same with my face, and my neck is like my nose.' I is iced-water he not only regarded as a preservative from such an accident, but he would sometimes observe, that he thought his stomach and bowels would last longer than his bones; such conscious vigour and strength in those parts did he feel from the use of that beverage.

"Occasionally he would go in an evening to visit Mrs. Clive, to whom he had assigned an adjacent cottage. The charms of that lady's conversation were wonderful, and she was the life of every company in which she appeared."

Horace Walpole had not even a younger son's portion out of the family estates; but his father made ample provision for him out of the places at his disposal. He enjoyed five sinecure offices, producing him at least £6300 a-year.

Mr. Pinkerton charged him with what Lord Byron called "the good old gentlemanly vice of avarice," and as he began the world with nothing, and left behind him a hundred thousand pounds, whether the charge be true or not, there was at least something to show for it. The *Reviewer* charitably suggests that Mr. Pinkerton expected a legacy, but did not get one.

It is remarkable that neither father nor son is known by the title of Earl of Orford. It would seem for once that the Royal prerogative was unable to confer a title. The peerage was of some momentary value to Sir Robert, as a shield against his enemies in the House of Commons, but when at last the coronet fell upon the aged brow of Horace Walpole, it was rather a burden than a pleasure to him. He died on the 2nd of March, 1797, in the eightieth year of his age, and was buried in the family vault at Houghton. There is no monument to his memory, but in the parish register appears the following entry:—"The Right Honourable Horace Walpole, late Earl of Orford, aged 80 years, was buried March 13th, 1797, a bachelor." It was probably at his last visit to Houghton that, in writing to Mr. Montague, he said: "Here I am, probably for the last time of my life, though not for the last time; every clock that strikes tells me that I am an hour nearer to yonder church—that church into which I have not yet had courage to enter, where lies that mother on whom I doated, and who doated on me! There are the two rival mistresses of Houghton, neither of whom ever wished to enjoy it! There, too, lies he who founded its greatness, to contribute to whose fall Europe was embroiled; there he sleeps in quiet and dignity, while his enemies are exhausting the dregs of their pitiful lives in squabbles and pamphlets." The tastes and sympathies of Walpole are the tastes and sympathies of thousands now living, and will be of thousands out of every succeeding generation. While tolerable health continued, he was

never used up ; he had none of the *cui bono* philosophy of our day, and if he failed in the more serious duties of life, he played his part well in the circle of society to which he belonged ; he contributed more than his quota to the general enjoyment, and that contribution is perennial.

RAINHAM.

A drive of about five miles eastward of Houghton will bring the visitors to Rainham, the seat of the Marquis of Townshend. The house, which stands in a spacious park adorned with a lake, was built by the celebrated Inigo Jones. It is a stately, harmonious building, of dignified proportions, and contains, besides the far-famed Belisarius of Salvator Rosa, one of the finest collections of historical portraits in the kingdom. No where do I remember to have seen the works of Reynolds to so great advantage, for here he has the merit of not coming off with *flying colours*. Whoever wants to see how great Sir Joshua really was, should see his works at Rainham, where his portraits exhibit the grace of Vandyke and the rich colouring of Rembrandt.

I subjoin a list of the principal portraits, with an occasional note to those which struck me as most worthy of attention.

IN THE BILLIARD ROOM.

Pym.	Lord Sunderland.
Cromwell.	Lady Sunderland, daughter of
Lucius Carey.	Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough.
Lord Falkland.	

A ROOM NAMED "THE DEN."

Edward Harrison, Esq., Governor of Fort St. George, in the East Indies, and his wife, by marriage with whose daughter, Audrey	Harrison, the estate at Balls, in Hertfordshire, came into the family.
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THE DINING ROOM.

George Townsend, created Earl of Leicester, 18th May, 1784, after- wards 2nd Marquis. This por- trait, as seen in the recess through the arcade of the dining room, has a beautiful effect ; the attitude is graceful and easy, and the coloring remarkably sweet and	pleasing. The portrait exhibits a noble soldier in the very fresh- ness of youth. Thomas, third son of Lord Townsend. Queen Anne. George the second's Queen Caroline, and George the first and second.
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IN THE WHITE DRAWING ROOM.

The Father of Sir Thomas More, by Holbein (very fine).	description by Gilpin.
George Ferrars, Marquis of Towns- end, grandfather of the present Marquis.	The Duke of Alva,—the Scourge of the Netherlands, by Antonio More, a portrait in which those who have studied his history will find the expression they ex- pect.
Marie de Medici, by Reubens. Of this picture I subjoin an elaborate	

THE SALON.

Over the chimney piece, Lord de Vere, of the time of Queen Eliza- beth, and a series of the noble-	men and gentlemen of Norfolk who served under him.
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THE RED DRAWING ROOM.

Charles Townsend, the Chancellor of the Exchequer (a notice of whose history I subjoin), by Reynolds; and George, first Marquis of	Townsend, also by Reynolds. Both these are amongst the very best of Sir Joshua's works.
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THE STONE PARLOUR.

Sir Gerard Herbert. Montague, Lord Halifax. Sir Peter Ball, by Sir Peter Lely.	Generals Ireton and Fairfax, both excellent.
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ON THE STAIRCASE.

Lord Rochester, as a boy, very pleasing, and
Lilburn.

IN THE RED ROOM.

A picture of Fair Rosamond.	Prynne.
Portraits of Archbishops Laud and Tillotson.	Andrew Marvel.
Bishop Ken.	Frederick, King of Bohemia.
Fenelon.	The celebrated Miss Gunnings.
Sir Robert Walpole.	Quin and Betterton, the actors, and Pope.

IN THE BELISARIUS ROOM.

Belisarius, by Salvator Rosa (see Gilpin's description subjoined).	Charles Lord Townsend, of whom I subjoin a biographical notice, and
Sir John Suckling the Poet.	Dorothy Walpole, his second wife.
Lucius Carey.	Killigrew and Audrey Harrisson.
Lord Falkland.	Lady Townsend, a beautiful portrait.

I ought not to omit all mention of the Rainham ghost, an unresting spirit of a Townsend of the time of Elizabeth—a great duellist, with much blood upon his hands, who is still apt to haunt the billiard room. To feel the full effect of the apparition's appearance the visitor should be led blind-fold to the spot opposite which he has been most frequently seen.

In the year 1769 Rainham was visited by William Gilpin, prebendary of Salisbury, a connoisseur and an amateur artist of no mean pretensions in his day. His works, which adorned the shelves of our fathers, are now becoming scarce; pictorial illustration has in our day far outstripped Gilpin's conceptions of the possible in that line of art. His works on Scotland, Wales and England are now lying before me; I greet them once more with pleasure as the favourites of my childhood; and on reviewing them now as some fashion that has long passed away, I still acknowledge in those oval mezzo-tints a grace and feeling for the beautiful that justly earned for them the vogue they once possessed.

That which attracted Gilpin to Rainham is still its main attraction—the Belisarius of Salvator Rosa, which was presented by the King of Prussia to Lord Townsend. The following is Gilpin's description of this first-class picture:—

"It is a very noble picture, of which the print gives but an inadequate idea. The unfortunate chief stands resting against a wall. He occupies almost the whole piece, leaving room only for two or three soldiers, who make a distant group. The story, though told in this simple manner, can hardly be mistaken. A blind figure, squalid, though dressed in rich armour, discovering great dignity of character both in his own appearance, and from the distant respect shewn him by the spectators, leads the memory easily to recollect Belisarius. The composition is as pleasing as the design. All the objects of the piece are so contrived as to form a good whole. The harmony of the colouring, too, is excellent. An agreeable sober tint runs through the picture. Scarce a touch is out of time. If any, it is a streak of light in the sky on the left. Belisarius's drapery is rich in the highest degree, and yet harmonious. His mantle is yellow, his sash of a white silvery hue, and his armour steel. The light also is well disposed. Salvator has thrown over the hero's face a quantity of squalid hair; and the spectator must, in a great measure, make out the expression from his own imagination. I speak only of the face, which wants something of the dignity of wretchedness; in the action and character greatness and misery are well united "

This ancient house deduces its descent from Ludovic, a noble Norman, who, settling in England during the reign of Henry I., assumed the surname of Townsend, and by marriage with Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Sir Thomas de Haville, obtained the manor of Rainham, which has ever since remained in possession of his descendants.

In 1661, Sir Horatio Townsend, who had rendered essential services to the royal cause during the usurpation, and being one of the most forward in restoring the monarchy, was elevated to the peerage by the title of *Baron Townshend, of Lynne Regis*;

and advanced in 1682 to the dignity of Viscount Townsend, of Rainham. George, the fourth Viscount Townsend, was created Marquis of Townshend, in the County of Norfolk, 27th October, 1787.

The family seats are: Tamworth Castle, Warwickshire; Rainham Hall; and Balls Park, Herts, which became the property of the family in the eighteenth century, by marriage with Audrey Harrisson, daughter of Edward Harrisson, Esq.

Rainham, no less than Houghton, is historical ground. We shall lose much of the interest to be derived from strolling along the salons and corridors of this venerable mansion, unless we recall to memory the persons and characters of those who have made it illustrious by their talents and their services to the state, and whose portraits still adorn its walls. Conspicuous above all in this long line of a noble race, stands Charles, second Lord Viscount Townshend, born in 1675. He was second son of Sir Horatio Townshend, who was so highly instrumental in forwarding the restoration of Charles the second, that in 1682 he was created a peer. King Charles the second, who visited Rainham in 1671, and the Duke of York were his godfathers. He took his seat in the House of Peers, December 3rd, 1697; was made Lord Lieutenant of the County, in 1702; was employed as plenipotentiary and ambassador on several occasions of great moment; and in 1714 became principal Secretary of State; in 1716 Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and in 1720 President of the Council; in 1724 he was made a Knight of the Garter; he was again more than once made Secretary of State; and finally retired from public life, in 1729. An early and intimate connexion had been formed between Lord Townsend and Sir Robert Walpole; they were distantly related, neighbours in the same county, and educated at the same school; they joined the same party, acted under the same leaders, underwent the same persecutions, and co-operated in the same opposition. The marriage which Townsend had contracted with Dorothy Walpole, in 1703, drew closer the bonds of amity, and added a union of blood to the connection of party. Walpole had performed too many essential services to the Hanover family and was too able a speaker in the House of Commons not to occupy a distinguished situation at the accession of George the first, and his connection with Townsend facilitated his promotion.

This political connection, of about thirty years' duration, was finally broken in 1729, when Townsend resigned the office of Secretary of State, and soon after retired from public life altogether. His retirement was owing to a disagreement with Walpole, which had long subsisted. It had been occasionally compromised by the interference of common friends, but finally broke into a rupture, which rendered the continuance of both in

office incompatible. The causes of this misunderstanding were various, and originated from the difference of their tempers, from disagreement on subjects of domestic and foreign politics, and from political and private jealousy. Townsend was frank, impetuous and overbearing, long accustomed to dictate in the cabinet, and fond of recommending violent measures. Walpole was mild, insinuating, pliant and good-tempered, desirous of conciliating by lenient methods, but prepared to employ vigour when vigour was necessary. To these public causes of misunderstanding, derived from a desire of pre-eminence, a private motive was unfortunately added. The family of Townsend had long been the most conspicuous, and accustomed to take the lead, as the only one then distinguished by a peerage in the County of Norfolk. The Walpoles were subordinate both in estate and in consequence, and Houghton was far inferior in splendour to Rainham. But circumstances were much altered. Sir Robert Walpole was at the head of the treasury; a peerage had been conferred on his son; the increase of his paternal domains, the building of a magnificent seat, the acquisition of a superb collection of paintings, a sumptuous style of living and affable manners, drew to Houghton a conflux of company, and eclipsed the more sober and less splendid establishment at Rainham. Walpole felt in all these circumstances his superior consequence; he was conscious that he should be supported by the Queen, and was unwilling to continue to act in a subordinate situation; while Townsend, who had long been used to dictate, could not bear any opposition to his sentiments, or any resistance to his views. He considered his brother minister as one who had first enlisted himself under his banner, and who ought to continue to act with the same implicit obedience to his commands. Hence a struggle for power ensued.

Townsend retired with a most unsullied character for integrity, honour and disinterestedness, and gave several striking proofs that he could command the natural warmth of his temper, and rise superior to the malignant influence of party spirit and disappointed ambition. The opposition, who had formed sanguine expectations of the consequences of the disunion in the cabinet, were prepared to receive him with open arms; but he resisted their advances, and firmly persevered in his original determination. Soon after Chesterfield commenced his ardent opposition to Walpole, he went to Rainham, and requested Townsend to attend an important question in the House of Lords. Townsend replied that he had formed a resolution, which he could not break, of never again engaging in political contests. "I recollect" he added "Lord Cowper, though a staunch Whig, had been betrayed by personal pique and party resentment, in his opposition to the ministry, to throw himself into the arms of the

Tories, and even to support principles which tended to serve the cause of the Jacobites. I know that I am extremely warm, and I am apprehensive, if I should attend the House of Lords, I also may be hurried away by the impetuosity of my temper, and by personal resentment, to adopt a line of conduct which in my cooler moments I may regret." He maintained this honorable and truly patriotic resolution, and thus proved himself worthy of the highest eulogium.

He passed the evening of his days in rural occupations and agricultural experiments, and was the first to introduce the cultivation of turnips in the open field, as fodder for cattle. Previously they had been only grown in gardens as a vegetable for the table. His improvements ameliorated the state of husbandry, his hospitality endeared him to his neighbours, and the dignity of his character insured respect. Apprehensive of being tempted again to enter into those scenes of active life which he had resolved totally to abandon, he never revisited the capital, but died at Rainham in 1738, aged 64; so that Walpole, who attained his 69th year, and died in 1745, survived him by seven years.

Notwithstanding the asperity with which their political contest was conducted, the brothers seem to have renounced their friendship without forfeiting their esteem for each other. Townsend did not indulge in peevish expressions against his successful rival, and Sir Robert Walpole never blamed the ministerial conduct or depreciated the abilities of Lord Townsend. He was always unwilling to enter into the causes of their disunion. When an intimate friend pressed him on the subject some years afterwards, he made several attempts to evade the question, and at length replied, with as much candour as wit: "It is difficult to trace the causes of a dispute between statesmen, but I will give you the history in a few words: as long as the firm of the house was Townsend and Walpole, the utmost harmony prevailed; but it no sooner became Walpole and Townsend, than things went wrong, and a separation ensued."*

In a succeeding generation the same family gave another statesman to the country,—the celebrated Charles Townsend, who, if his career was less serviceable to the state than that of his grandsire, was unquestionably distinguished by more brilliant parts. He was second son of Charles, third Lord Townsend, and sat in parliament successively for Yarmouth, Harwich and Saltash; he served the offices of Secretary at War, first Lord of Trade and the Plantations, Paymaster-general, and, on August 2nd, 1766, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and one of the Lords of the Treasury, in which post he continued to his death, which happened on September 4th, 1767, in the forty-second year of his

*Coxe's Memoirs of Walpole.

age. A sketch of his character is preserved to us in the eloquent language of Mr. Burke, who, in the House of Commons, said : " He was the delight and ornament of this house, and the charm of every private society which he honoured with his presence. Perhaps there never arose in this country, nor in any country, a man of a more pointed and finished wit; and (where his passions were not concerned) of a more refined, exquisite and penetrating judgment. If he had not so great a stock, as some have had who flourished formerly, of knowledge long treasured up, he knew better by far than any man I ever was acquainted with, how to bring together, within a short time, all that was necessary to establish, to illustrate and to decorate that side of the question he supported. He stated his matter skilfully and powerfully; he particularly excelled in a most luminous explanation and display of his subject; his style of argument was neither trite and vulgar, nor subtle and abstruse; he hit the house just between wind and water; and, not being troubled with too anxious a zeal for any matter in question, he was never more tedious, or more earnest, than the preconceived opinions and present temper of his hearers required, to whom he was always in perfect unison. He conformed exactly to the temper of the house; and he seemed to guide because he was always sure to follow it. There are many young members in the house, who never saw that prodigy Charles Townsend, nor of course knew what a ferment he was able to excite in everything, by the violent ebullition of his mixed virtues and failings,—for failings he undoubtedly had; many of us remember them; we are this day considering the effect of them. But he had no failings which were not owing to a noble cause,—to an ardent, generous, perhaps an immoderate passion for fame,—a passion which is the instinct of all great souls. He worshipped that goddess wheresoever she appeared, but he paid his particular devotions to her in her favourite habitation in her chosen temple the House of Commons."

On August 15th, 1755, he married the Countess of Dalkeith, and was carried off in the meridian of life, at the age of forty-two, at a time when it might be hoped his lively talents were matured by experience and the irregular sallies of his versatile temper subjected to the restraints of judgment.

Horace Walpole occasionally mentions him in his letters, but always in a depreciating tone. He has preserved for us one of his *bons mots*. Being told by a friend that Miss Draycot, a lady of large fortune, had grown fat, Townsend replied: "Oh then, her tonnage is equal to her poundage." On learning his death, Walpole remarks: "As a man of incomparable parts, and most entertaining to a spectator, I regret his death. His good humour prevented one from hating him, and his levity from

loving him ; but, in a political light, I own I cannot look upon it as a misfortune. His treachery alarmed me, and I apprehended everything from it. It was not advisable to throw him into the arms of the opposition. His death avoids both kinds of mischief. I take for granted you will have Lord North for Chancellor of the Exchequer. He is very inferior to Charles in parts, but what he wants in those, will be supplied by firmness of spirit." These are the impressions of his contemporaries ; we have also his portrait from the hand of an historian of our own generation. "He was," says the Earl of Stanhope, "the second son of Lord Townsend, a grandson of the Secretary of State under George the first, and a grand nephew of the Duke of Newcastle. Though at this time (1753) but 28 years of age, he had already distinguished himself in office at the Board of Trade. His figure was tall and advantageous, his action vehement, his voice loud, his laugh louder. In eloquence he gradually rose to a high and, to the period of his untimely end, still growing renown. His application was great, his ambition unbounded. No man had more quickness of wit, or less reserve in displaying it, whether in familiar conversation or public debate. But it was not free from that drawback by which great wit is so commonly attended,—a fickleness and unsteadiness of purpose, being rather attracted by the varying gleams upon the surface than held fast by the settled foundations of truth and convictions."*

RAINHAM CHURCH

Is dedicated to St. Mary, and consists of a nave with two aisles, in the Perpendicular style. On the south side of the tower is a curious large dial, with a clock, erected at the charge of Charles Lord Townsend ; and on the north side of the church and chancel what is called in Blomefield a dormitory, in fact, the burial place of the Townsend family. Against the north-east side of the chancel is a beautiful tomb without inscription, erected to the memory of Sir Roger Townsend, "a personage," says Blomefield, "of great eminence and dignity, a Judge of the Common Pleas in the time of Richard III. and Henry VII." Eleanor, his widow, by will, dated November 9th, 1499, ordered her body to be buried by the high altar before our blessed Lady, in the chancel of Rainham St. Mary, and a new tomb to be made for her husband's and her bones, upon which tomb to be cunningly graven a sepulchre for Easter day, if a chapel be not made at her decease, and if a chapel be made, then she would be buried in the same, and her husband's bones to be had home into the same chapel and the tomb to be made there. The chapel was not made, but here is the tomb of fine

*Mahon's History of England.

workmanship of the ornate and elaborate style of the Tudor period. There is an organ in the church, said to be a good one, and purchased at the great exhibition of 1851; to this organ there is a key-board, awaiting a competent player. At present the psalmody is dependent upon the barrels.

CASTLE ACRE.

Time out of mind pilgrims of the artist and antiquarian order have well worn the way that leads to Castle Acre. None who have an eye for the picturesque, or a thought for the past, should approach it within a day's march without a visit. An excursion can be made to it from Hunstanton or from Lynn in the day with ease. The train runs morning and evening from both places to Swaffham and back; thence it is but a pleasant walk of about three miles; or if a drive be more convenient, a conveyance can be had at the Crown Inn, at Swaffham. I have sometimes walked to it on a bright summer's morning before the mist had cleared away; at such a time the view of the place within a mile's distance, and when the outlines of objects are not sharply defined, is very imposing. I extract the following notice of the existing remains of the castle from Mr. Bloom's beautiful work on Castle Acre:—

At the top of the steep street of the village, stands the sole remaining entrance gate-way. It gives to the village the air of a small continental town, with its *haute* and *basse ville*; and reminds us of that period of our history, when the strength and thickness of walls made some amends for the impotence of law. The place must have looked grand in those days, with its turreted castle and its splendid priory, with the baron and his retainers, and the monks and their processions moving about; but, with all its strength, perhaps the poor man's pig is safer now under the eye of the county policeman, and the small shop-keeper finds a surer remedy for his debts in the county court. If we have lost much that is worth looking at, we have gained something that is worth having.

The entrance itself consists of a double portal, opening in either direction through a pointed arch, flanked by small but massy circular towers of rough flint. It had originally an outer and an inner door of oak,—the hinge pivots of the latter still remaining in the side walls; and between the doors was the usual

portcullis,—the stone groove in which it ran being yet in a perfect state of preservation.

Mr. Bloom is of opinion that this gateway was not of so early a period as the main body of the castle itself, since it must have been built when the pointed style began to supersede the severe curve of the early Norman; although there can be no doubt they were constructed on the foundations of similar approaches.

The name still retained by the street upon which we thus enter, sufficiently indicates the nature of the locality. We stand within the outer ballium, and the street is popularly called Bailey street.

Passing down the steep declivity of the street of the modern village, at somewhere about its centre, where a narrow stile now serves as an approach to the castle, the visitor sees before him, to the left, the ponderous mound and remaining wall of the castle keep; immediately in front, the remains of another gateway, corresponding in every respect with the similar entrances already noticed; and beyond this to the right, the fosse, rampart and wall of the inner ballium.

Facing immediately to the north, we have before us the fosse and elevated mound whereon once towered the lordly keep. All that now remains of this, the nucleus of the stronghold, is the greater portion of the external wall enclosing the area upon which the keep itself formerly stood; and the effect of the ruin as viewed from the inner ballium is picturesque in the extreme. The wall of the keep measures 561 feet in circumference. On the outside it is slightly angular, the angles being marked by a plain Norman buttress of stone recurring at regular intervals. Internally, the wall, which varies in thickness from eight to eleven feet, is perfectly circular; and towards the summit was a rampart, or terrace walk embrasured, of which traces remain towards the north and west. The masonry consists wholly of immense flints, disposed without regularity, and grouted together into a firm compact mass, a large portion of which still remains unaffected by the vicissitudes of so many seasons, and almost defying the efforts of devastating man. The whole presents a curious proof of the labour and care bestowed by the Norman masters of the soil in securing the baronial strongholds which they raised on their newly-acquired lands, and served to shew the apprehensions they entertained of the force and resistance of the oppressed English, whom they had ejected,

From the level of the keep, a bird's-eye view is obtained over the whole of the works connected with the castle and the adjoining country, and a faint idea may be formed of the picturesque effect of the scene in the early days of its glory.

The landscape to the west is still extremely engaging,—the sight ranging along the well wooded valley of the Nar, with the

venerable ruins of the Priory in the foreground, and nearer still, between this point and the spot whereon we stand, the long line of the barbican and outer ballium. An ascent to the summit of the ancient rampart on the embrasured wall will well repay the trouble.

Within the barbican stands an ancient farm-house, now occupied as a cottage, probably as old as the fifteenth century, on the external face of which can still be discerned the Tudor rose.

Mr. Bloom concludes his interesting description of the castle by observing that on the survey of the general features of this venerable remain there is ample scope for the exercise of fancy, and he might easily have filled the area with conjectural (though probable) buildings appertaining to a Norman stronghold, on a scale of importance equal to the one before us. But as there is so very little left to render such conclusions in any way decisive, he has preferred adhering strictly to matters of fact, plainly evident to the apprehension of any visitor to the spot who will take the trouble to examine the particulars we have indicated.

The very dimness of the detail, rendered more conspicuous by the prominent strength of the outline, is well calculated to stimulate curiosity, and to call forth the powers of a ready imagination, which individuals will find a pleasure in exercising for themselves; bearing in mind the prevailing spirit and character of the times which are to be re-embodied in the mental picture.

The founder, both of the castle and priory, was William, Earl de Warrenne, who came over with the Conqueror, and for his services at the time of the conquest was presented by the King with enormous possessions. In the county of Norfolk alone, he held no less than one hundred and thirty-nine lordships, eighteen more in Suffolk, and many in the county of Sussex, where the traveller will meet traces of him at the picturesque and interesting town of Lewes. It remained in this family until 1347, when it passed into the hands of Richard Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel, nephew of the last Earl de Warrenne, and subsequently, through the hands of Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, Sir Thomas Gresham, and the family of the Cecils, to Sir Edward Coke, Lord Chief Justice of England, by purchase, in whose family, now represented by Thomas William Coke, second Earl of Leicester, it still remains.

THE PRIORY.—The Priory was founded in the year 1084, the eighteenth year of the reign of the Conqueror. The date, which may still be seen in stucco within the walls of the priory itself, has probably caught the eye of many a visitor, without his perceiving its true significance, in consequence of the peculiar positions of the figures; and it was reserved for Dr. Murray, the late Bishop of Rochester, to discern its true import, and to put the question beyond a doubt.

The establishment was endowed by Earl de Warrenne, as we learn from the charter, for the good of his own soul, and for the souls of his father, mother and heirs, with the advowsons of Acre, Methwold, Wickmere, Trunch, Leaden Roding, and with some tithes at Grimston; and this endowment was subsequently immensely augmented by other benefactors.

The Monks of this priory were originally subject to the parent Abbey of Clugny, but ultimately became an independent community; and in 1537 followed the fate of other monastic establishments, by a compulsory deed of surrender to King Henry VIII. This document is still extant, and, together with an English translation, is set out at full length by Mr. Bloom.

The Priory is situated within little more than a quarter of a mile from the Castle Keep, and is approached from the north, through a gate-house or lodge, through the main archway of which is caught a view of the western extremity of the conventual church, with its adjoining lodge, the private residence of the Prior. The south front of the gate-house is entirely plain, but on the northern façade there are five shields or armorial bearings in stone. The shield in the centre, over the apex of the principal archway, presents the armorial bearings of Warrenne; that on the extreme right, the device of John Fitzalan, Lord Maltravers; that on the left of the centre, the arms of England in the time of Henry V.; that to the extreme left, the arms of Arundel; and that above the crown of the footway arch, the arms of the priory itself.

Passing through the gateway, we come in full view of an object which no human eye can behold without pleasure,—the west front of the conventual church, upon the south-western angle of which the prior's lodge immediately abuts; and, as Mr. Bloom observes, we contemplate a structure over which the storms of seven centuries have passed with a lenity which speaks volumes in behalf of the solidity of its construction, as well as the durability of its material. There is a freshness about the whole, which might well induce us to doubt whether this be not the production of a later age, instead of being, as in truth it is, a remnant of the skill and judgment with which architects labored in their vocation when the Red King swayed the sceptre of the realm. In this noble specimen of Norman work, the visitor will not fail to notice the fine semicircular arch of the central doorway, with its bold and varied moulding, the smaller entrances to the north and south aisles, the tiers of blind arches, interlacing and simple, covering the intervening spaces and rising to the summit of the building, and the fantastic corbels and metopes, all of Norman work. The pointed window, however, which surmounts the central archway, is not purely Norman; beautiful and elegant as it is, it is manifestly an insertion of later date.

It will be seen that the general plan of the church is cruciform, —part of the choir, with the transepts, forming the upper portion of the cross,—the nave, with its side aisles, constituting the shaft. The pavement throughout the building appears to have been all of small square red tile. Advancing from the west door along the centre of the nave, we find that there were six massy piers on either side, connecting it, by means of noble and richly decorated archways, with the north and south aisles. Of these arches, all that remains is that upon which the south-western tower rests, and which fortunately continues in a good state of preservation. Enough only remains to indicate the site of the nave, the side aisles and the choir; so complete is the ruin, that little remains of them save a ground outline, just discernible above the soil; the walls of the transepts are still standing. The eastern side of the south transept is occupied by an apsis. It has a vaulted roof, an east window, a small altar beneath it, and a piscina to the south of the altar. In the corner immediately adjacent to the apsis is a staircase conducting to the arcades in this direction, and on the southern wall of the transept is a deep arched recess. The northern transept exhibits the same architectural arrangements as the south transept.

To the left of the doorway, and in the north-east angle of the transept, is a staircase leading to the arcades, wherein may be seen the remarkably preserved date which so completely determines the period of the foundation of the establishment; on the east side is a lofty and deep arched recess, and the western side of the transept seems to have been perfectly plain and unbroken throughout.

From so much as is preserved of the south-western tower, we may judge of the character of the architectural embellishments of the nave and other parts of the building.

The basement of the tower consists of two main arches, the one communicating with the nave, the other opening into the south aisle; on the south side is a small arched doorway communicating with the cloister; in the adjoining angle a stone staircase conducts to the upper part of the tower and to the prior's private apartments; and on the west side is the entrance from the front.

Of the cloister, sufficient is left to shew that it comprised a square of one hundred feet, with a covered ambulatory surrounding the cemetery of the establishment. The back wall is still nearly entire on each of the sides; but of the arcade separating the ambulatory from the cemetery, scarcely any traces now remain.

Of the chapter-room, the dormitory and the refectory, sufficient traces are left to determine their length and breadth, and little more.

Passing to the west front of the conventual church, the visitor will find the prior's lodge, occupying a range of buildings protruding immediately at right angles to the south-western tower. It had two fronts, one to the north and the other due west, the southern side communicating with the prior's private garden. The most conspicuous features in the north front are an arched entrance of communication to the waiting-hall.

The other object deserving of peculiar attention, is a capital specimen of an ancient bay-window, of admirable simplicity and solidity of construction, and remarkable for the singular manner in which it is supported, as it were, by a cluster of diminishing arches nestled one within the other.

At the western extremity of this wing of the building, is another good specimen of an Early English window, of which the frame and mullions are stone, the lower part presenting a corbel head, flanked on either side by quatrefoil work, the whole being of the style prevalent in the thirteenth century. The west part of the lodge is broken by the projecting buildings of the modern house attached to the priory farm, many of the apartments of which are incorporated with portions of the old structure, and so altered as to have lost all trace of the purpose for which they were originally planned. Some very interesting specimens of art connected with the period are, however, interspersed in the various chambers, and, through the kindness of the occupier, visitors, upon application, may gratify their curiosity by a sight of the greater part of the remains.

THE CHURCH.—The parish church stands upon the summit of the rising ground, which constitutes the northern boundary of the vale of the Nar, in a spacious churchyard of full three acres in extent, immediately contiguous to the barbican, on its western side, and overlooking the ruins of the priory and precinct in a south-westerly direction. It is a spacious and elaborate pile, consisting of nave, chancel, and north and south aisles, with a lofty and handsome tower at the west end, containing a peal of five bells, and a clock. It was founded at the close of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century, as appears from its general architectural features. The windows represent specimens of the Early English, Decorated and Perpendicular styles.

Three of the windows in the north aisle are deserving of notice, as pleasing specimens of the Decorated style; and the great east window, though now partially closed, presents a capital example of the pure Early English.

The interior of the church is neat, light and airy; the arches are bold and spacious, but, with their supporting columns, particularly light and elegant; the length of the church from east to west is 148 feet, and the breadth 48 feet. The whole of

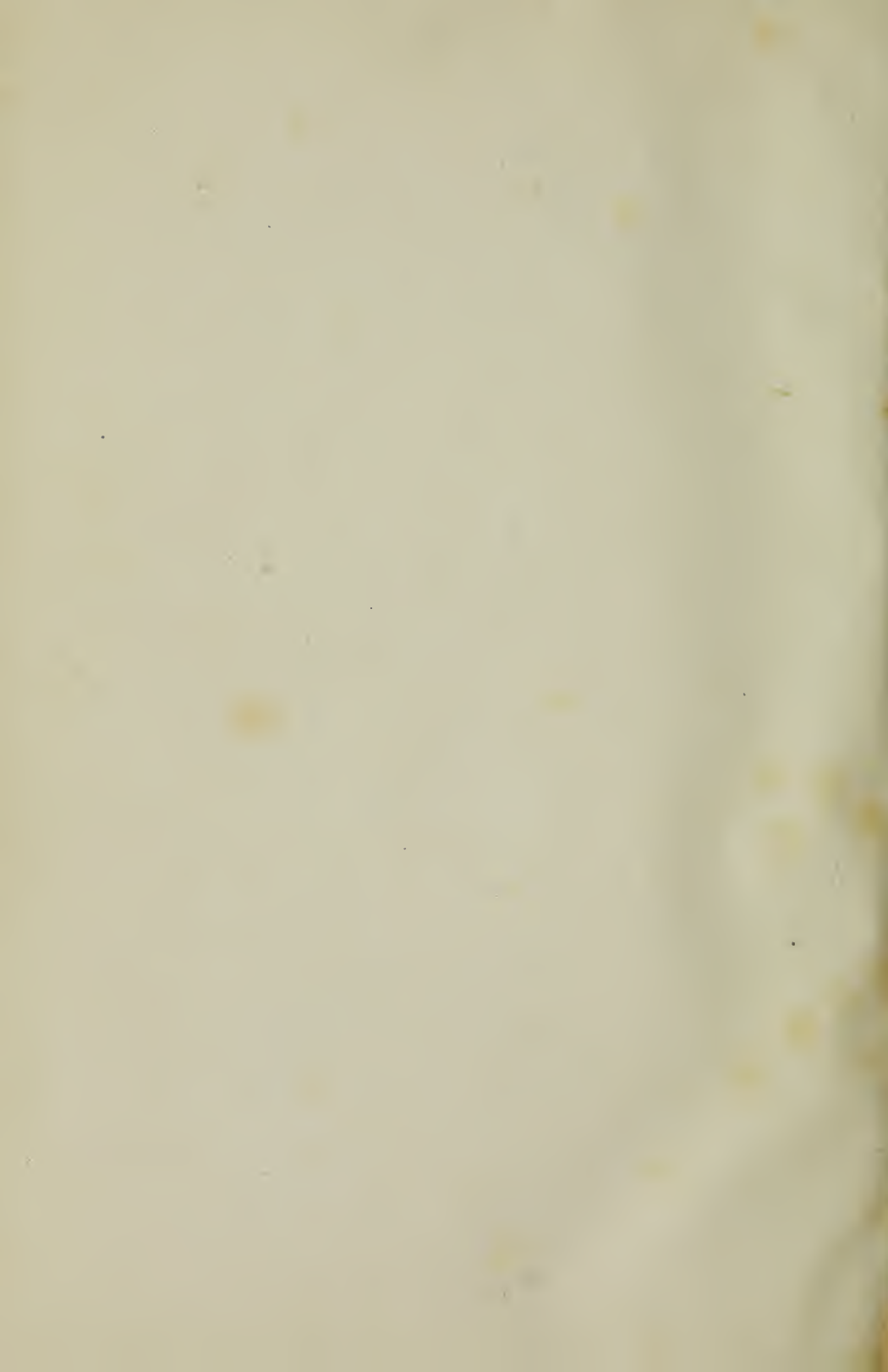
this space is unbroken by galleries, except at the junction of the tower at the west end, where there is a light gallery for the parish choir. The free seats are of oak, terminated with poppy heads, and furnished with elbows, whereon rest lions and dogs alternately; and the appropriated pews are fortunately kept, sufficiently low to admit of a clear view of the whole interior.

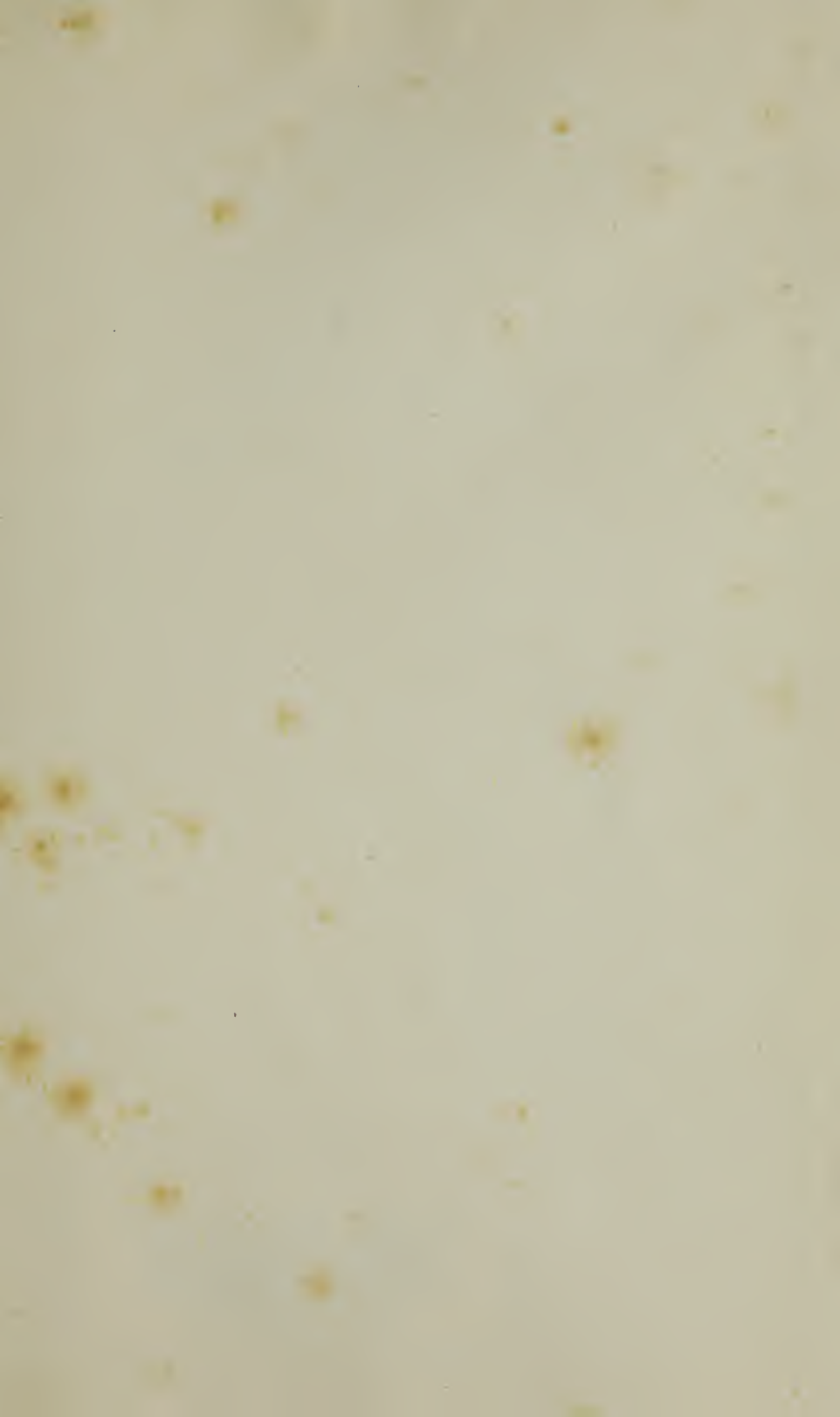
The pulpit is supported upon a single stem or low column, surmounted by a wreath of the Tudor flower, from which the panelling forming the bottom of the pulpit gradually radiates. The sides consist of single panels, upon each of which is represented one of the doctors of the church, seated, and at full length; the faces have been obliterated, but they are intended to represent St. Augustin, Ignatius, St. Jerome and St. Ambrose.

The font stands immediately in the centre of the nave, and consists of a plain hexagon of stone, supported by a single shaft, and resting on a basement raised two steps from the level of the pavement; the canopy rises nearly to the roof of the church, from whence it is suspended by a gilt dove with outspread wings. It is of rich and complicated shrine work diminishing to a graceful spire.

Of the rood-loft screen only a portion remains, but in the lower panelling of it will be observed exceedingly well finished paintings of the Apostles, grouped six on each side of the central entrance to the chancel or choir. The minute and careful finish of the features and hands of the several figures, the natural and easy flow of the drapery, and the rich though harmonious blending of the colouring, evince a degree of skill in the artist of no mean order.

The general view of this remarkable village from the Lexham road is interesting, peculiar and highly picturesque, and the fields everywhere exhibit the results of practical agriculture in its highest perfection. The influence of the late proprietor, Thomas William, Earl of Leicester, to whom Norfolk is greatly indebted for his constant attention to agricultural pursuits, and the experience, skill and capital of his tenants, have rendered Castleacre and its vicinity a school of agriculture, which is continually visited by practical farmers from various countries both of Europe and America.







Houghton p. 47.

Rainham p. 63

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